- Hollywood Unions
- Seven Hot Tips for the Next President
- Reviews by Jonathan Alter, Harvey Klehr, and Gregg Easterbrook

The Washington Monthly

NOVEMBER 1988/$3.00

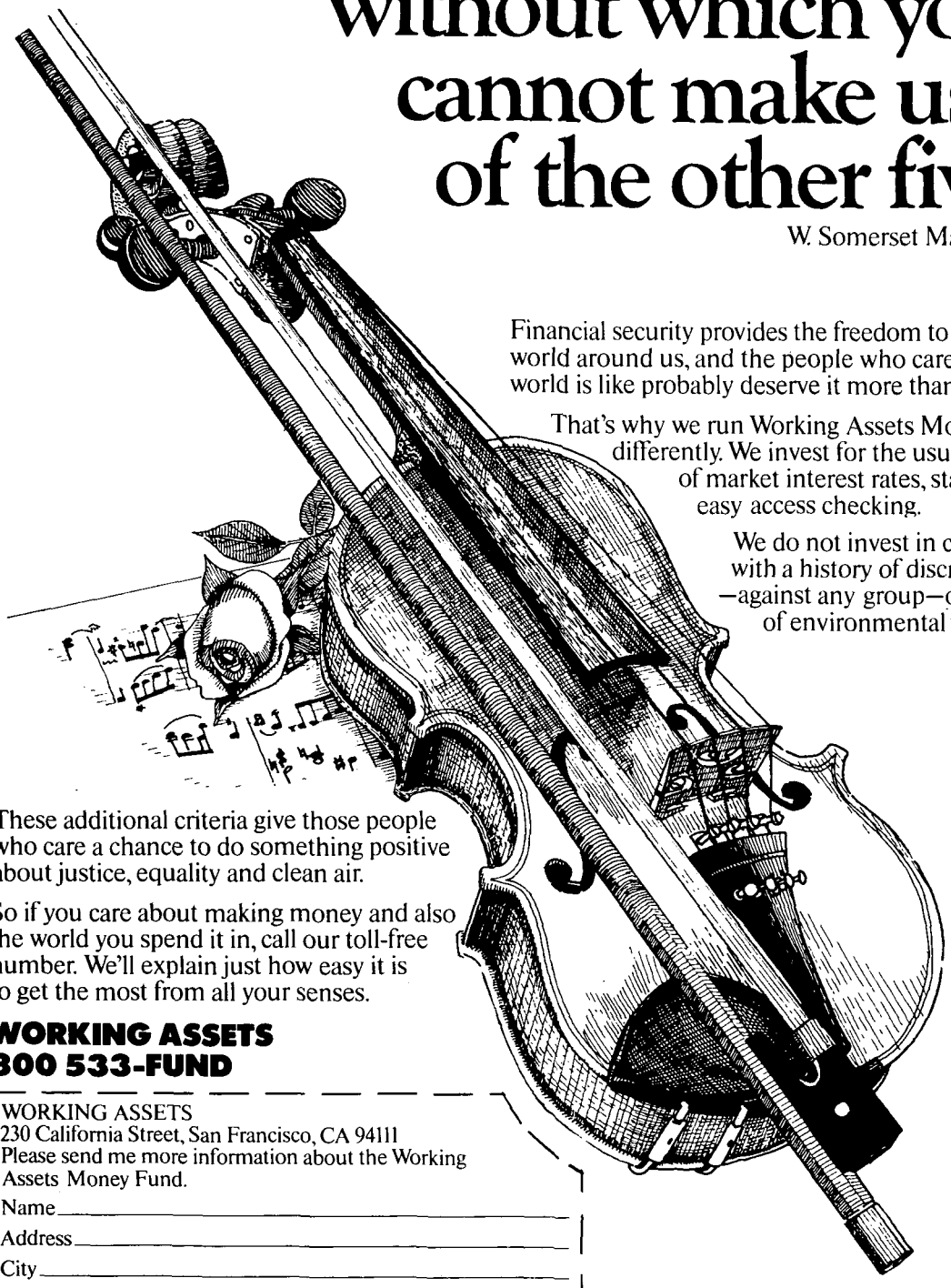
ABOUT MEN

About Cold Beer, Willing Women, Hazing, Conformity—About Fraternities

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make use of the other five."

W. Somerset Maugham



Financial security provides the freedom to enjoy the world around us, and the people who care what that world is like probably deserve it more than most.

That's why we run Working Assets Money Fund differently. We invest for the usual benefits of market interest rates, stability and easy access checking.

We do not invest in companies with a history of discrimination —against any group—or a record of environmental violations.

These additional criteria give those people who care a chance to do something positive about justice, equality and clean air.

So if you care about making money and also the world you spend it in, call our toll-free number. We'll explain just how easy it is to get the most from all your senses.

WORKING ASSETS
800 533-FUND

WORKING ASSETS
230 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94111
Please send me more information about the Working Assets Money Fund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please read this information carefully before making any investment decisions.

WMY8

Distributed by Working Assets Limited Partnership.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

The schnook of the North

You are so right about college tuition!

At the University of Southern Maine, while student numbers went up about 25 percent and full-time faculty less than 20 percent, the administration grew 240 percent. The culprit responsible for the last 140 percent of that—enough new bureaucrats that the cost of the increase in any single year could have doubled the library acquisitions budget, funded a postponed honors program, funded a scholarly journal, doubled the faculty travel budget, *and* doubled reduced loads for scholarship—thereupon became system chancellor at a salary increase that year greater than my salary as a professor with 30 years of experience and numerous merit raises.

WILLIAM H. SLAVICK
Portland, Maine

Phil's friends

In your warm tribute to the many friends who have supported my campaign for the Oregon legislature ["Tilting at Windmills," October], you omitted the names Nicholas Lemann, Joseph Nocera, Walter Shapiro, Robert Doar, Gregg Easterbrook, and a frequent *Monthly* contributor, Tom Peters. Like my other comrades from the *Monthly*, I'm sure they are as intrigued as I am to see how well their many good ideas will fare in the trenches. I'll keep you posted.

PHILLIP KEISLING
Portland, Oregon

The case for Tiffany

Charles Peters was right to be concerned about the proliferation of fad names for children, but I think for the wrong reason.

In "Tilting at Windmills" [September], he suspects snobbery is the culprit in the replacing of John, William, Mary, Susan, Carol, and other meat-and-potatoes names with the likes of Jason and Tiffany. In fact, it is probably a sign of democratization that traditional Anglo-American names are regarded less and less as "true American" names.

Unfortunately, a major reason for the trend is probably the weakening of the extended family: the high divorce rate, the diminishing contact between grown children and their parents, and the resulting lack of interest in naming children after an ancestor. To that should be added a lack of history, or perhaps cynicism about it. Warts-and-all biography has depressed the traditional hero supply: Washington owned slaves; FDR, Ike, and JFK cheated on their wives.

I've often worried that baby names reflected sexism: boys were named after people, giving them a role model and a sense of history, while girls were named to be cute. Now, it seems, babies of both sexes are tagged according to the stars of whatever soap opera is on the hospital TV.

MICHAEL POLLAK
Teaneck, New Jersey

Kiddie cop-out

I enjoyed your essay "The Case Against Kids," [Jason DeParle, July/August]. "thirtysomething" is based on a premise that bothers me, and you nailed it: the show justifies selling out.

In realizing the limitations of their youthful idealism, the Steadmans have completely rejected it. They retain their hippie rhetoric, as you say, to prove their sensitivity. That rhetoric is all that sets them apart from members of my father's generation, who were more forthright about pursuing material gains. They were raised during the Depression; that was their justification for selling out. (They-knew-what-it-was-like-to-grow-up-hungry.) The Steadmans have to be more resourceful with their excuses. "The kid" is a reliable standby. There's nothing more noble than "sacrificing" for your child.

CATHY McCARTHY
Washington, D.C.

Ethiopian truth

I found Robert Kaplan's article on Ethiopia ["The African Killing Fields," September] rather odd on some points. For instance, my foreign policy views are leftist, and I don't believe anything on *The Wall Street Journal*'s

ART DIRECTOR POSITION OPEN

The Washington Monthly is seeking a new art director to do covers, layout, paste-up, and promotion on part-time basis. Requires individual with demonstrated graphic design experience who will produce eye-catching covers and bring professional, creative touch to the promotion side of the magazine. Low pay and occasional long hours more than compensated for by lively atmosphere and creative independence. Call or send resume and letter to Janet Duncan, TWM, 1611 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20009 (202)462-0128.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editorial page, yet, with all of my ideological prejudices, I have known for years that Ethiopia was ruled by a bloodthirsty, Stalinist regime. I knew the government had murdered thousands and had contributed to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of famine victims.

Kaplan's article seemed a little unfair to the relief organizations. Perhaps they deserve some criticism, but they are in a difficult position. The Red Cross is able to help people in war-torn areas because it keeps its mouth shut. It is the role of journalists and human rights groups to tell us what is going on. Still, having said this, the relief organizations should not actively lie on behalf of the Ethiopian government.

Kaplan's remarks seem very far off the mark when he attempts to explain the lack of coverage of the Ethiopian atrocities compared to the more thorough coverage given South Africa's supposedly lesser misdeeds. Kaplan seems to think that if Ethiopia could be blamed on American foreign policy or President Reagan, our ferocious press corps would be all over the story. In fact, America has given arms or moral support to governments committing enormous atrocities in Indonesia, Bangladesh, East Timor, and Guatemala without arousing the press to any serious extent. Little was said and the stories have been forgotten.

Returning to Ethiopia, Kaplan is obviously right in saying that we should be screaming over it. Perhaps his forthcoming book will change this. Why it hasn't happened already is a mystery.

DONALD JOHNSON
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Read my lips

I find the ad by General Dynamics on the inside front cover of your latest issue [September] to be offensive.

Getting people out to vote is a popular idea, but a mistaken one. Many of these would-be voters are illiterate: a popular figure is that there are two million illiterates in the U.S. Jonathan Kozol (in *Illiterate America*) says 60 million, about one-fourth of our population. The idea that you don't have to be literate to vote intelligently is a convenient fiction.

Thomas Jefferson was deathly afraid of the rabble. The failure of learning in the United States is making this a nation of rabble. When the ignorant go out to vote, the nation will go down the tubes.

JAMES C. ROGERS
Washington, DC

Clink

Lee Judge and Richard Samuel West wrote a good analysis ["Why Political Cartoonists Sell Out," September]. However, your editors were asleep at the switch when a clinker chugged on through:

The malapropism *flaunted* for *flouted*. Stop that.

JOHN F. COLLINS
San Francisco, California

The Washington Monthly

Editor in Chief Charles Peters.
Editors Matthew Cooper, Jason DeParle.
Contributing Editors Jonathan Alter, Thomas N. Bethell, Tom Bethell, Taylor Branch, Gregg Easterbrook, James Fallows, Paul Glastris, Mickey Kaus, Phillip Keisling, Michael Kinsley, Nicholas Lemann, Suzannah Lessard, Arthur Levine, Timothy Noah, Joseph Nocera, Leonard Reed, John Rothchild, Jonathan Rowe, Walter Shapiro, Steven Waldman.
Editorial Advisory Board Graham Allison, James David Barber, Edgar Cahn, David Halberstam, Murray Kempton, Richard Reeves, Hugh Sidey.
Assistant to the Editor Carol Trueblood.
Business Manager Janet Duncan.
Advertising Director Victoria J. Herbert.
Art Director R.J. Matson.
Production Manager Nicholas Martin.
Distribution Kelly Regan, Gwendolyn R. Missouri.
Interns Roger Baker, Katherine Boo, Bruce Brown, Walter John Dex Jr., Jodi-ann Johnson, Mary Kropschot, Michelle Palatas, Stephanie Rausser, Michael Weeks.
Proofers Steve Blomgren, Paula Dragosh, C. Blair Palese, John Kalajian, Brooke Runnette, Jane Shepard, William Shepard, Mike Sherry.

Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions: one year, $33; two years, $61; three years, $88. Foreign subscriptions, additional postage: Canada, $3; other, $25 air mail, $3 surface mail. Back issues, $4. Send correspondence concerning subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to 1611 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20009. For change of address, please provide six weeks' notice and include old address label. New subscriptions only: 1-800-341-1522.
The Washington Monthly is indexed in the Book Review Index, Political Science Abstracts, Public Affairs Information Service, the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, the Social Science Index, and Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory and may be obtained on microfilm from University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.
Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Published monthly except combined July/August issue by The Washington Monthly Company, 1611 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20009 (202) 462-0128.

© 1988 by The Washington Monthly Co. All rights reserved. Reproduction by any method whatsoever without permission is prohibited.

ISSN 0043-0633.
Postmaster: Send change of address to The Washington Monthly, 1611 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20009. Second class postage paid at Mechanicsburg, PA.

Dine by the warmth of the two crackling fireplaces.

Iron Gate Inn
(202) 737-1370
1734 N St., Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POWER SOURCE

With the Reagan years waning, our economic fate unclear and the race for the White House heating up, it's time to plug in to *The Washington Post's* vital coverage of the powerful and the policies they pursue.

It's easy to do-- with *The Washington Post National Weekly Edition*, the crisp, tabloid-sized weekly that brings you the same in-depth reports and commentaries that inform the nation's leaders.

Don't let power pass you by. It's yours for just $39 a year--half off our regular cover price.

The Pulse of Power and Politics.

Fill out and mail coupon today.

The Washington Post NATIONAL WEEKLY EDITION

J77NW011

☐ **YES!** I want to plug in to the power source. Send me 52 issues of The Washington Post National Weekly for the low subscription price of only $39.00 (50% off the cover price).

Mail to: The Washington Post
NATIONAL WEEKLY EDITION
P.O. BOX 11331
Des Moines, Iowa 50340-1331

Name_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Allow 4-6 weeks for shipment of your first issue. Offer good in U.S and possessions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tired of Insults?

Try

ntelligent Talk Radi

The Diane Rehm Show
Weekdays 10 a.m. to Noon

The Mike Cuthbert Show
Weeknights 8 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Fred Fiske Saturday
11 a.m. to Noon

WAMU
88·5 FM

RADIO IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

Volume Twenty, Number Ten November 1988

Tilting at Windmills
by Charles Peters
Affirmative action for boxers...the old Cafe Society...the millionaire's pension... screwing the small investor...and other odds and ends.... 8

The Making of the Hollywood Working Class
by John Eisendrath
How the writers' strike drove the Jaguar owners to the barricades. 13

...Meanwhile on Broadway
by Nicholas Martin
How silly union rules inflate ticket prices. 16

The Fast Start
by Stephen Hess
A former White House staff member lists seven ways the next president can make his administration a winner. 20

'Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only the Raytheon Lobbyist.'
by Lyle Crowley
A defense lobbyist told the truth about the Pentagon budget. Now he's out of a job. 26

'Hey, Lou, This Propeller Looks Pretty Sturdy to Me.'
by Ed Sussman
Except for the slipshod inspections, the loose regulations, and the untrained pilots, commuter airlines are pretty safe. 32

About Men
by Jason DeParle
About cold beer, willing women, hazing, conformity—about fraternities. 38

Chuck and His Brothers
by Greg Belanger
A Greek tragedy. 42

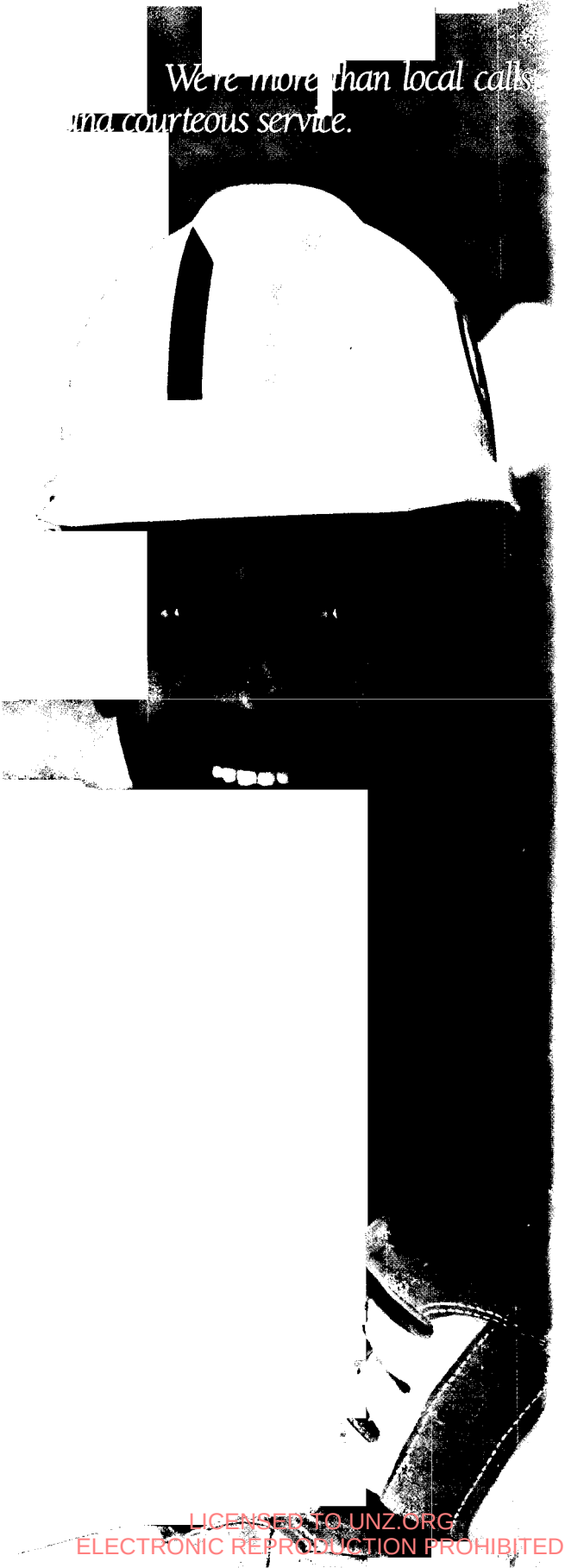
ON POLITICAL BOOKS

Family Feud
by Jonathan Alter
The fight between blacks and Jews and how it affects us all. 51

Political Booknotes
Reviews by **Alan Crawford**, **Georgann Eubanks**, **Tamar Jacoby**, **Harvey Klehr**, and **Gregg Easterbrook**. 56

LETTERS 1
WHO'S WHO 37
MONTHLY JOURNALISM AWARD 31
POLITICAL PUZZLE 55
TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 49
MEMO OF THE MONTH 50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



phone
excite
busin
Bell A
the te
to des
netwo

is

compa

WATS
teleco

PICKING W

*It's just one
the West Vi
system rel
Telephone
every week
You see,
C&P Tele-
phone
provides th
West Virgin
Lottery wit
multipoint
network th
over 800 Lo
together. It
West Virgin
system ca
its daily Lo
pinpoint w
winners bo
their ticket*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mes

r

r

ve do

we

based

office

other

RS

vides the
s that coordinate
wport News, Va.
eeds of
he morning
sh hours.

We can even show you how to use public data networking for business applications such as order entry, electronic mail, credit approvals and more. To learn more about all our other unheard-of talents, call us toll-free, 24 hours a day, and ask some questions. You'll probably get some pretty unexpected answers.

1-800-444-8834

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.

When the Johns Hopkins Medical Institution wanted better control over voice and data communications, they turned to C&P. By combining a Bell Atlantic LANgate℠ local area network with an Integrated Services Digital Network, C&P provided Hopkins with the basis for an information management system that, when fully developed, will allow physicians to quickly access patient records, charts, lab reports and prescription services right from their offices.

A **Bell Atlantic** Company

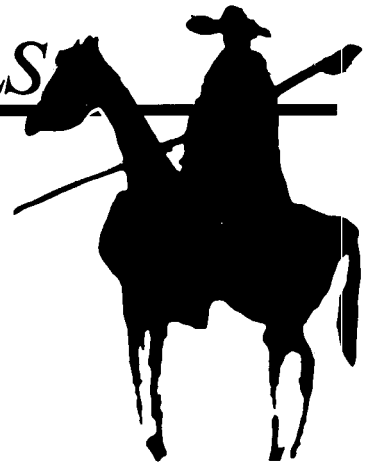
C&P Telephone

We're More Than Just Talk.℠

COMMUNICATIONS ℠ COMPUTER MAINTENANCE ℠ FINANCING & LEASING ℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TILTING AT WINDMILLS



When one is so vulgar as to call a Washington lawyer an influence peddler, the indignant attorney will reply that he persuades congressmen only because of the soundness of his argument and the merit of his cause. Why then does Donald Santa write in the July-August issue of *The Washington Lawyer*, the official magazine of the District of Columbia Bar Association:

"A lawyer with a legislative practice invariably can expect to receive solicitations for campaign contributions. For a firm with a legislative practice, this is just as much a cost of doing business as is maintaining facilities or providing legal services."...

Not long ago we gave you the dismaying figures on how many more administrators per student there were in the headquarters of Chicago's public schools than in its parochial schools. Here are the figures for the City of New York: for the public schools, one for every 147 students; for the parochial schools, one for every 4,200 students....

How many times have you noticed a speeding car recklessly run a red light, looked around for a cop, and seen not one in sight except for the guy busy ticketing your car for being parked five minutes overtime? West Germany and Australia have a solution to this problem—not for the parking ticket but for the red-light runner. They have a camera that is triggered by cars going through red lights. It photographs their license plates so that the offenders can be punished. This makes great sense to me. I fear, however, that the ACLU will delight George Bush by coming up with some bizarre argument claiming that our liberties would be in the direst danger....

The Journal of the American Medical Association, once notorious as a propagandist for the views of the medical establishment, has in recent years seemed to embark on a flirtation with integrity. That the romance has ended is suggested by a recent "study" published by the *Journal* that conclusively demonstrates something that tight-fisted hospitals and senior physicians, both of whom have a keen interest in exploiting young doctors, desperately want to believe—namely, that sleeplessness does not impair the performance of residents. This is just as credible as the lawyer's claim that he relies on reason alone to convince legislators of the wisdom of his views....

Michael Combe is the petty officer second class who killed a frightened navy recruit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by repeatedly forcing his head under water. After the recruit said he wanted to withdraw from the drill, Combe used a head hold to force him back into the water and held his head under until he died, as "The Star Spangled Banner" was being sung by his fellow recruits at the order of their instructor.

Combe's punishment by a navy court-martial panel: 90 days in the brig and a reduction in rank to petty officer third class. This tender tap on the wrist could have been justified only by the punishment of higher-ups who may have encouraged such practices and who thus may have been really responsible. But they weren't punished either.

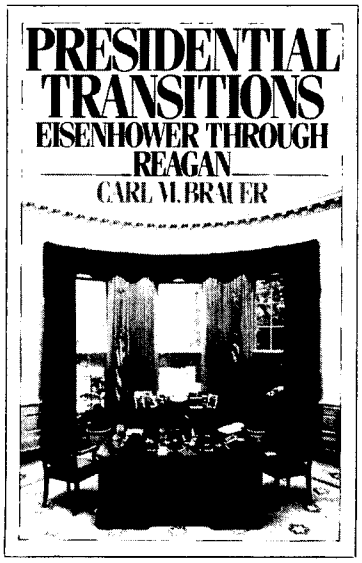
What is most maddening about this episode is that the recruit, who had fled from the pool before, had been diagnosed as having a possible phobia and classified as unfit for training of this kind....

One of the arguments against the protective headgear that makes boxing a far safer sport has been that it deprives boxing of excitement. No one who watched this year's Olympic boxing matches, in which headgear was worn by all participants, will ever believe that argument again....

Speaking of Olympic boxing, everyone I know who saw the fight between Roy Jones, a young American black, and Park Si Hun, says that Jones was the clear victor. Yet the judges gave the decision to Park in a move that may have been directed at making up to the South Koreans for slights, either real or imaginary, they had suffered earlier in the games.

It seems to me that, ironically enough, there is a lesson in all this for American blacks. It is that, although affirmative action is a wise policy when it involves special efforts to recruit minorities and to make them aware of opportunities and to train them to take advantage of these opportunities, affirmative action is wrong when it involves giving a specific job to a black when there is a white who can clearly do a better job. Just as the black boxer who fights best should win, the white worker who performs better than the black worker should get the job or the promotion....

"The...president-elect would benefit from reading this volume....



The new chief executive could gain important insight into what not to do given the gaffes of his predecessors."
—The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science

"Timely.... Historical and well-written.... *Presidential Transitions* illuminates a subject that has not been given serious scrutiny." ***—The Review of Politics***

"The first full-length treatment of transitions [in] almost three decades." ***—Political Science Quarterly***

"Students of the presidency will find this excellent study... informative; future presidents will find it instructive."
—Journal of American History

336 pp. paper $9.95

At better bookstores or directly from
OXFORD PAPERBACKS
Oxford University Press
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the more dubious claims made by the Republicans this fall is that the Reagan-Bush administration is responsible for the lower unemployment figures. These figures are in fact caused by demographic trends, which, by the way, were predicted in this column in May 1981. Where Jimmy Carter had to find jobs for the hordes of baby-boomers entering the labor force in the seventies, Ronald Reagan is the beneficiary of the much lower birth rate that followed the boom, which means fewer first-job seekers and lower unemployment today. . . .

The extent to which this country was once segregated was recently brought home to me by the obituary of Barney Josephson, a New York night club owner who was the first to have black and white entertainers work in a club before a black and white audience. This did not happen until Josephson opened Cafe Society in December 1938. Here was a profession, entertainment, long associated with liberal attitudes on race, and a city then considered the most liberal in America. Yet it was not until the eve of World War II that this seemingly simple step was taken. That it was a Jew who took it is something blacks, who are becoming increasingly antisemitic, should ponder, and that those Jews who are becoming antiblack should recall as they seek, as I hope they will, a rebirth of their old liberalism. . . .

Speaking of blacks who have gone astray, the Congressional Black Caucus gets the financing for its annual conference in Washington from the tobacco and alcohol industry, two of the great enslavers of black people throughout the country. . . .

I happened to be in Yellowstone Park on what was probably the worst day of the fire, September 9, and saw both the devastation the blaze had caused and how frighteningly out of control it was. I saw where it had jumped the 100-foot-wide Madison River. I realized then that this was a battle firefighters could not win. There were no barriers they could construct that would be more formidable than the river. The fire was going to have to be put out by nature, by heavy rain or snow, and by nature alone. As to the devastation, it seemed at least half the park was destroyed. And not just for a little while. We were shown one area that had been burned more than ten years ago. A ranger pointed and said, "Look, you can see the process of regeneration is under way!" There *was* new underbrush on the floor of the forest, but at eye level and above there was nothing to be seen but the charred skeletons of dead trees. . . .

Michael Dukakis, I am delighted to report, has adopted *The Washington Monthly* program for financing higher education: long-term loans for students repayable out of their future income through an additional assessment on their income tax (see "Highbrow Robbery," Timothy Noah, July-August 1983). The beauty of this idea is that it means people will not be denied higher education because they or their parents can't afford it.

Unlike most such plans, the taxpayer is not stuck with the bill. The beneficiary of the education pays for it, but over a term long enough to be affordable. Because he, not his parents or society, will pay for it, he is much more likely to be the kind of customer who demands that colleges hold their costs down (for one university's scandalous administrative costs, see "Letters," page 1). And he will not be able to escape paying, as many student loan recipients have done in recent years, because the IRS will collect. This very sensible plan, one that should appeal to intelligent conservatives above all, was immediately rejected by George Bush. . . .

I was pleased to see the headline, "To Stop the Killing, Partition Burundi," over an op-ed article in *The New York Times* not long ago. The hatred, the author argues, between the Hutu and Tutsi tribe is so strong that they can't live together. I've already indicated that I favor the partition of Cyprus between Greeks and Turks on similar grounds. I think it is the only answer where animosity is so intense that it is sure to produce violence for generations unless the warring tribes are physically separated. . . .

Paul Snapp, a mailman in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, had compiled an exemplary record over 14½ years of service. There was not a single reprimand in his file. Then on August 6, as he was a few minutes from completing his route, a natural gas explosion took place in a nearby office building, which then caught

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fire. Snapp immediately rushed to the building and proceeded to help police keep people away from the dangerous area. "He did an outstanding job," said the local police chief. His reward from postal authorities was an official disciplinary letter of warning, charging him with "deviating from your scheduled delivery time" and "failing to complete your route as scheduled.". . .

Guess what's the biggest-spending lobby these days. It's the National Committee to Preserve Social Security. This is bad news for those of us who feel that we have to stop wasting Social Security on the affluent, whose benefits the committee is determined to protect. This committee is also demagogic and misleading in its fundraising, which is why it made our recent list of the worst lobbies.

Speaking of wasting money on Social Security for those who don't need it, the government is guilty of even more egregious waste in its retirement programs. Take Albert Gore Sr., who retired from the Senate in 1971 and is a wealthy man. This month he will receive a check that will put the retirement income he has received from the government at a total of more than $1 million. We are now paying him a pension of $81,347 a year. . . .

Did you see Eugene McCarthy's article arguing against the vice presidency? I agree with McCarthy. The post has attracted far too many second-rate people who are only an assassin's bullet away from running the country. Let's amend the Constitution so that, in the event of a president's death, someone like the secretary of state would serve as president until, but only until, the House and Senate could convene to elect a successor to serve the remainder of the term. This would mean thoughtful consideration would be given, not to balancing a ticket, but to choosing the best president. There is *no* chance that such an election would produce a Dan Quayle. . . .

I reported to you a few years back that government had surpassed coal mining as an employer in West Virginia. It has now surpassed manufacturing as well and has the largest payroll in the state. . . .

The growth of the bureaucratic economy is further illustrated by the cost of "administration" in the health care field. While other health costs—doctors, nurses, operating rooms, bandages, etc.—rose by 85 percent between 1980 and 1986, the cost of administration grew 186 percent. And the worst cause of this increase was in the corporate bureaucracy sector, revealed by what is called the "net cost" of private health insurance, which is the premiums collected minus the benefits paid out. It rose 249 percent. . . .

I've written before about the small print in brokerage contracts that gives the big Wall Street firms the right to screw the small investor, and, if he is graceless enough to protest, to compel him to submit the dispute to an arbitration panel loaded in favor of the brokerage firm. The SEC staff recently proposed an end to this outrageous practice, but they were overruled by Ronald Reagan's chairman of the SEC, David Ruder. . . .

Although I'm rarely accused of being a card-carrying member of NOW, I do think many of the grievances of the women's movement are real. An example is revealed in a recent survey conducted by the American Compensation Association: most companies continue to determine secretarial salaries, not on the basis of the work the secretary does but on the rank of her boss, who of course is more often than not a male. So it is the man's status, not the woman's work, that governs the size of her paycheck. . . .

The world's failure to crack down hard on Iraq for its use of poison gas against Iran and the Kurds may leave a terrible price to be paid as the other countries see the use of gas tolerated and as they learn how cheap and easy it is to use. Put yourself in the shoes of a beleaguered commander, desperate for some way to save his forces from almost certain defeat, and then ponder this paragraph from a recent article in *The Wall Street Journal* by John Fialka, a very careful and reliable reporter:

"Take a 20-year-old Russian ballistic missile, readily available on the world's arms market. Install a hollow warhead with tiny vents that blow open as the missile nears its target. Then pour in a compound that any competent lab can mix up from off-the-shelf ingredients: nerve gas."

In addition to Iraq and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

major powers, Fialka says, Egypt, Syria, North Korea, South Korea, and Taiwan all are strongly suspected of having chemical weapons now, with ten other countries seriously considering obtaining them. . . .

The 1989 Midwinter Convention of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America is being held in London. The opportunity to gain a touch of class by rubbing shoulders with bewigged barristers doubtless is irresistible to the people who some cynics suspect spend their days advising clients on such elevated matters as how to feign a whiplash injury. And the similarity of English and American law does lend a faint, if very faint, justification for the tax deductibility of the London convention. But what can be said in defense of the Ohio State Bar Association, which is holding its tax-deductible Continuing Legal Education Seminar not in Zanesville or Dayton but in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico?. . .

Now for my annual warning to young people who are thinking about becoming lawyers. For my ammunition this time I'm grateful to a long article by Paul Ciotti of the *Los Angeles Times*, who reports that "many lawyers say they are working harder, getting richer, and enjoying it less." One attorney told him, "I think one would have to have a deranged sensibility to genuinely enjoy. . .the day-to-day practice of law. . .[which] largely consists of arguing with other people about money." Ciotti also points out that the alcoholism rate among lawyers is about twice that of the general population. . . .

A reader who shares my concern about the snobbish trend in the names given to girls has sent me a clipping with a photo of the president of the Jacksonville (Florida) Bar Association sitting in his back yard with his wife and daughters, Stacey, Hillary, and Ashley. . . .

The tragic episode of the drowned navy recruit and Jason DeParle's article on fraternities in this issue (page 38) combine to make me want to figure out what kind of hazing makes sense and what doesn't. An awful lot of hazing still goes on in fraternities, at the service academies, and in many other military training programs. Sometimes it has a legitimate point, such as to inculcate the habit of swift obedience or to teach people how to deal with difficult or dangerous situations, like the prison camp Scott Shuger described in the May issue.

Certainly, in combat, instantaneous obedience can be essential. But it also can be catastrophic if the order to be obeyed is bad and if there is still time to argue. The habit the military *should* try to inculcate is one of distinguishing between an order that has to be obeyed instantly and one that can be rationally examined. Make sure men are trained to argue that that is a civilian airliner not a warplane out there and it's going up not down, as long as there is time to argue, and that they're trained to shut up and obey only when there is no rational option left.

Military training also has tests like the one Shuger endured that are necessary to determine if recruits have the combination of courage and intelligence needed to be effective in combat or to deal with their captors. These tests should never be conducted as the navy water exercise was that refused to let the recruit say, "I want out." Let such people be radar operators or supply clerks. Find out who can be a hero in battle, but don't try to force every man to be one. Some people have moral but not physical courage, and a good many have neither.

One other legitimate purpose of hazing is the bonding that occurs when a group of people has met a tough challenge together. In the Peace Corps we found that the group feeling produced by going through the physical challenges of Outward Bound experiences, such as rock climbing and drown-proofing, helped prepare our volunteers for both the physical and emotional challenges of living and working in difficult circumstances overseas. But the challenges of Outward Bound all made sense. There were actually physical situations one could conceivably be confronted with some day and the mastery of which would prove useful, if not in life-threatening at least in pleasurable recreation situations later in life. There were no stupidities like drinking to excess or having to follow pointless orders. And there was no attempt to intimidate, humiliate, or dehumanize. Instead there was mutual support, the good feeling that will be understood by everyone who saw that girl finally make it over the obstacle course in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. . . .

—*Charles Peters*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Making of the Hollywood Working Class

How the writers' strike drove the Jaguar owners to the barricades

by John Eisendrath

Whew! For a while there it looked like America would have to endure an entire fall television season without new episodes of "Sonny Spoon." Now after a five-month strike the writers are back at work, the new season has begun, and the couch potatoes can rejoice.

In Hollywood, though, there is relief but no joy. The writers (and the producers for whom they work) resolved the narrow question of royalty payments, which was at the core of the strike. But the future looks uncertain for the dozens of studios that sell shows to the major television networks. In 1981, the major networks controlled 90 percent of prime-time viewership; now with competition from upstarts like Fox and CNN, that share has shrunk to 70 percent. Videocassette recorders are now in 60 percent of American homes, contributing to eroding network ratings and revenues. As of August 1, the advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson, had spent $500 million less on television advertising this year than last; up-front, prime-time network sales are expected to drop 6 percent this year to $2.9 billion. Less money for the networks means less money for the Hollywood studios. This, together with some dogs at the TV box office, has crippled certain studios. Lorimar Telepictures (producers of "Dallas") lost $86 million in 1987. New World Entertainment ("The Wonder Years") is nearly bankrupt, and the DeLaurentis Entertainment Group is under Chapter XI.

You're probably assuming a dispute between Hollywood writers and producers on the set of "Mr. Belvedere" would be different from gritty labor-management showdowns in Youngstown: that it would be a family affair, pitting liberal against liberal, the affluent against the rich. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is as much animosity between, and shortsightedness among, labor and management in Hollywood as in any mill town in America, and there is the threat of competition, too. Do any of these scenarios—all present in the writers' strike—sound familiar? Management demanding rollbacks from labor while receiving multi-million dollar salaries and bonuses. Workers caring more about their own bottom lines—wages and profits—than in fighting for a more democratic workplace where risk and reward are shared.

What producers and writers do share is a sense of self-pity that knows no bounds. With memories of the early guild battles and anticommunist witch-hunts, the writers see themselves as oppressed artists chained to the assembly lines of the Hollywood entertainment factory. At a *minimum* a writer makes $68,880 for a 40-week season. And they very frequently make several times that. The producers feel put upon: they take big risks, underwriting dozens of unsuccessful pilots and movies in search of a hit, yet they are among the highest paid executives in any industry.

There is no reason to believe Hollywood will be able to write itself a happy ending. Neither side has shown the willingness to temper its whining and meet the common enemy of outside competition. Like the steelworkers and factory bosses who squabbled between themselves while plants were

John Eisendrath, a former editor of The Washington Monthly, *is a Los Angeles writer.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moved overseas, the denizens of Rodeo Drive seem equally oblivious.

Ten years ago at least portions of 80 percent of all films were shot in Hollywood. According to Lionel Chetwynd, a former WGA board member, in 1987 only 20 percent were filmed there. During the strike, British writers easily geared up to write "Dallas" and "Knots Landing"; 20-year-old episodes of "Mission Impossible" were reproduced in Australia. It's hard to imagine the Decline of the Hollywood Empire, but of course in 1960 no one in Detroit had ever heard of Honda.

Divide and conquer

Television is called a medium, the comedian Fred Allen once remarked, because it is rare that it is well done. It is always expensive. To understand the writers' strike, it's important to understand where the costs and the profits are. While the networks are starting to produce more of their own shows, the vast majority are produced by independent studios, which sell them to the networks.

To make money, the studios sell to local stations and to cable networks the rights to rerun their shows. Last year 66 episodes of "The Cosby Show" were syndicated for a record per-show price of $5 million, catapulting its producers from an estimated $16 million deficit to more than $300 million in profit. It's not surprising, then, that so much of the fighting in the writers' strike centered on these residuals.

Why are the shows so expensive to produce in the first place? One major cost is labor. It is not unusual for members from as many as 22 unions to work on a movie set in a single day. If a scene calls for a fire in a fireplace, a member of the American Federation of Guards must be present to tend it. One stagehand (a "grip") moves furniture. Another stagehand (a "gaffer") moves lights. Teamsters musn't handle the equipment they deliver. Hair stylists aren't allowed to touch makeup. When a location is overseas, all members of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (IATSE), which includes electricians and engineers, must fly first class. By the time all the unions' work rules and minimum staffing requirements are met, the cost of a blown-up sports car is the least of a producer's problems.

Labor hasn't cornered the market on excess. Along with the producers, many studio executives are among the highest paid in America. Michael Eisner, the chief executive officer of the Walt Disney Company, received $6 million in salary last year. He also took advantage of stock options of more than $31 million.

More damaging than these eight-figure earnings is the way management bargains with labor. The Alliance of Motion Picture and Television Producers (AMPTP) negotiates contracts for more than 200 studios and production companies. The AMPTP is designed to divide and conquer. It practices "pattern bargaining"—negotiating with one union at a time, pitting unions against each other. In negotiating with the Writers Guild, for instance, the AMPTP's opening gambit was to say that, since the Directors Guild of America (DGA) accepted diminished residuals in 1987, the writers had to follow suit in 1988.

Pattern bargaining, which is practiced elsewhere by such friends of the working man as the chairman of Texas Air, Frank Lorenzo, antagonizes labor, encouraging it to be selfish. Dictating to one union on the basis of agreements made with another is certain to alienate the rank and file. And isolating negotiations makes each union wary that it alone will have to make concessions. Perhaps that is why, in the five years since the producers formed the AMPTP, Hollywood unions have gone on strike six times. The writers' union hates this practice, not least of all because it's a reminder of its past.

The black and the gray

"I think we've lost our romance with the word," said Steven Spielberg in 1986 on receiving the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' Irving G. Thalberg Memorial. Fifty years prior to Spielberg's lament, Thalberg, head of production at MGM during the 1920s and 1930s, paved the way for the current enmity between writers and producers by scheming to break up the newly formed Screen Writers Guild.

Today's writers feel so besieged because they're still swept by the romance of the barricades. After all, the Screen Writers Guild was born in April 1933, in the throes of the Depression, when management across the country was negotiating with Pinkertons and billy clubs. The following January Paramount and RKO declared their theater chains bankrupt; by March the studios were unable to meet their payroll. They imposed an eight-week, across-the-board wage cut of between 25 percent and 50 percent. At the time the only union in Hollywood was the IATSE. After it successfully fought the pay cut, the writers decided to organize—spurred by the old saw about the secretary who got promoted to writer and on payday instead of $60 a week, she got $40.

The studio chiefs would have none of it. They fired union writers the Wednesday before Thanksgiving and rehired them Friday in order to save a day's pay.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unmask the Bastards!

© BRAD HOLLAND

One magazine looks beneath the surface. One magazine goes beyond mere images. *The Progressive* magazine. Corporate abuses exposed. Government spying revealed. Investigative reporting at it's best, month after month.

But to unmask is also to have fun. Just read what columnist Molly Ivins had to say about Reagan and Bush. "It's such a fun Administration—half of it's under average and the other half is under indictment."

☐**Yes! I want a look behind the mask. Send me a free trial issue and reserve a one-year subscription to The Progressive for only $16.97.**

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS, APT. NO.

CITY

STATE, ZIP

Guarantee: If The Progressive isn't for you, write "cancel" on the invoice and return it within two weeks of receiving your free issue. You've spent nothing. You owe nothing. And the sample issue is yours to keep. **Free!**

the Progressive P.O. Box 54615, Boulder, CO 80321-4615

4WM1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the SWG persisted in its fight for higher wages and recognition in 1936, the executives, led by Thalberg, created a company union. Writers who remained active in the SWG and refused to join the company union saw their names on a "gray list" and found it more difficult to get work. Dudley Nicholas refused his Oscar for best screenplay in 1936 because of the way the studio executives were treating SWG members. In 1938 the National Labor Relations Board ordered Hollywood writers to align themselves with a single organization. An election was held and the SWG defeated the company union. In 1941, nine bitter years after its formation, the SWG signed its first contract with the producers.

After the war there was no solace, just McCarthyism and the demonizing of writers. In 1947 Jack Warner of Warner Bros. told Congress that "communists injected 95 percent of their propaganda into films through the medium of writers." Ten Hollywood writers were cited for contempt of Congress—and later blacklisted—for refusing to name names. And while most people remember the question, "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist party?" few recall that it was preceded by, "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Writers Guild?" Given this rocky history one can see why the writers went into last summer's strike with clenched fists.

Solidarity and 'Dynasty'

The producers fired the first shot, presenting the Writers Guild with a take it or leave it offer. Under the contract that expired March 31, writers received a fixed royalty of $16,920 for six nationally aired reruns of one-hour shows. The AMPTP wanted a flexible formula based on the individual show's resale value. This would establish the important principle of linking pay to performance: if viewers tuned in, the writers would profit; if they didn't, the writers would lose. In the current market that meant rollback.

When the writers turned the AMPTP down and went on strike, the producers refused to negotiate. For 12 weeks, with the exception of one 20-minute session, the producers stayed away from the bargaining table. They refused to submit the dispute to binding arbitration, insisting their offer wasn't negotiable.

by Nicholas Martin

. . . Meanwhile, on Broadway

The Writers Guild of America may not be the only entertainment union more concerned with making money than with the well-being of its industry. The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE, or "the alliance"), which represents all of the stagehands in the country's major commercial theaters, has a history of stringent rules and high salaries that stands in stark contrast to the happy-go-lucky image of those who work on the Great White Way.

The union's work rules are notorious. Those who work on a typical Broadway show—carpenters, electricians, props men, and wardrobe workers—are not allowed to share even the simplest duties. According to the bylaws from IATSE's 1984 constitution, union members, as well as producers and theater owners foolhardy enough to infringe on other members' jurisdictions, can come in for heavy punishments. Working on a "short-crew" show (one employing fewer stagehands than the union feels is necessary) carries a fine of "not less than" $100 for union members, while "working out of department"—carpenters handling stage lights, for example—costs an extra $100. Second offenses are punishable by fines of at least $200 and suspension from the union for no less than one year.

Most stage managers say they do not encounter rigid adherence to the "out of department" rules in the middle of a performance—say, an electrician refusing to adjust a sandbag that seems precariously close to falling on Angela Lansbury. But given the penalties, producers do follow union rules during the months and months of preparations that go into a show. Why shouldn't the stagehands be cooperative once you've already hired everyone they told you to? According to one IATSE rule, if a particular department, electricians say, is required in the theater for a specific "work call," then the crew chiefs of all departments also must be called.

Under another agreement (now expired) crews were required to take down every stage light at the end of a show's run. It didn't matter if the next show needed some or all of the lights in the same places—they still had to come down so that union crews could put them back up. Some rules are just silly. One designer remembers cutting a deal with his crew when they wanted to postpone lighting work (a

Nicholas Martin is the production manager of The Washington Monthly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's not that the writers wouldn't accept flexible payments. They simply asked for a *quid pro quo*: flexibility on domestically syndicated shows in exchange for a flexible schedule on shows sold abroad. A 13-country study by Young & Rubicam found that on privately owned European commercial networks, 47 percent of the shows are American. If England loves "Who's the Boss?" why shouldn't the writer in Encino profit?

Under the previous contract writers received a one-time-only residual on those foreign sales (for an hour-long show like "Little House on the Prairie"—the hottest show in China—they got $4,400). The guild's counterproposal was that writers receive an additional payment each time a show is sold to broadcasters and cable operators around the world. For an hour-long show, $637. For a half-hour, $330. For a show like "Moonlighting" which costs more than $1 million per episode to produce, $637 would add an annual cost of six-hundredths of 1 percent.

The producers said they couldn't afford it—even though in 1987 the seven major Hollywood studios had combined revenues of more than $11 billion. (While some studios are hurting, others are faring well, in part because of diversified holdings outside of Hollywood.) Between 1986 and 1987 profits rose at MCA/Universal (89 percent), Warner Communications (76 percent), Disney (80 percent), and Paramount (130 percent). Even if the studios were broke, the guild proposal would not have been onerous: foreign residual payments would not be made until the studios had recouped all production costs. "Their [the producers] approach was simple," says Christopher Knopf, a writer and producer for Orion Television. "They didn't give foreign residuals to the directors and they were not going to give them to the writers." Of course, giving the writers a stake in the foreign profits could have lent the producers a kind of moral authority. "Okay," they could have said, "you want profit, you can have it. But you have to share the risk if a show flops."

After 16 weeks the AMPTP edged towards this sensible position, offering writers an option: continue receiving the $4,400 fixed payment or change to a sliding scale based on 1.2 percent of a show's gross foreign receipts, with a cap of $5,700. The Writers Guild had achieved a major victory—

"focus" session) to pick up a more lucrative job first. He was kind enough to agree if they would charge him less. To make the deal binding, the crew members had to run around the theater and touch each light. Why? According to union rules, they had to give the owner a discount once *any* work had been done on a light—a touch was enough.

IATSE is not the only theater union with a history of odd rules, of course. In 1970, Local 3 of the American Federation of Musicians managed to lose 52 union jobs by insisting on one of its residency rules. According to the rule, musicians—including AFM members of other locals who moved to the city—could not be admitted to the local until they had completed three years of residency in the city. An exception was made for the Indianapolis Symphony so that they could hire *union* members who had not yet been "transferred" to the local. When a new summer program was initiated to play concerts in the city's parks, 32 members of the local were offered jobs. But the program's organizers needed another 20 musicians and the union was adamant about excluding the "union transfer candidates" who were allowed to play with the symphony. In the end, the program was canceled.

What are salaries like when IATSE members do show up? The president of the Shubert Organization, Bernard Jacobs, says that for the 1987-88 season, his crew chiefs made $781 per week during the run of a show, or about $40,000 per year in *base* pay. (Another producer put the figure closer to $1,000 per week. IATSE won't return calls.) Taking down an old show ("striking it," in stage terminology), "putting in" a new one, or fixing and maintaining a running show costs extra. Ralph Roseman, general manager of the $4 million musical *Me and My Girl*, estimates that as much as one quarter of that went to union technicians. And that $4 million only gets the show to opening night. During the run of the show, the ten IATSE crew members will account for a *minimum* of $6,000 per week—or $312,000 per year. By the end of a two-year run, that will have put 35 percent of the cost of the show into the pockets of alliance members. And with overtime, first-class air travel, and other bonuses—which vary from local to local and theater to theater—it can be much more. So what? So labor is a culpable proportion of these productions' inflated budgets.

This would all be very well if the money were there. Joseph Papp, producer of such Broadway goldmines as *A Chorus Line*, seems to think that people would be willing to pay $60, $70, $100 for a big hit. "They have it," he promises, though he adds, "that may change." But it's hard to see how the public will continue to indulge soaring ticket costs.

The top-priced show on June 3, 1951, was *Guys and Dolls*, which cost $6.60 for a weekend evening orchestra ticket. By 1961, *Camelot* was asking $9.40 for its top ticket price. The 1970-72 seasons saw up-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breaking the AMPTP's pattern bargaining, forcing the alliance to offer the writers what it had the Directors Guild of America. Nevertheless, the guild leadership recommended the membership vote the offer down. It did.

The guild made it sound as if they were the United Farm Workers, being handed the most meager of scraps. But the difference between what the writers wanted and what the producers were offering was a difference, literally, of six-tenths of 1 percent. (Instead of 1.2 percent of gross foreign receipts, the guild leadership wanted 1.8 percent.) "Brian Walton [the writers' leader] said if he had received this offer three weeks into the strike instead of 16 weeks into it he would have taken it," says Lionel Chetwynd.

The striker's Jaguar

A few writers recognized that perhaps this was not an epic struggle worthy of Joe Hill. "Our leadership has abdicated its responsibility," said David Milch, former executive producer of "Hill Street Blues," when asked during the strike's fourth month about such hairsplitting. "They are more concerned at this point with justifying their own conduct than with responsibly bringing this strike to a close."

But far more preferred to talk in glowing terms of labor solidarity and the need of workingmen to stick together in the Reagan era. "You had [National Association of Broadcast Engineers and Technicians] losing to NBC, PATCO losing to Reagan, and Frank Lorenzo union-busting at Eastern," says Jim Sadwith, an Emmy-nominated television writer, "a string of very public union conflicts won by management. We wanted to put a stop to that."

But the final package shows that they really were grandstanding. Instead of the previous fixed royalty of $16,920, the domestic one-hour residual formula was indexed to producers' revenue from reruns, with a minimum of $8,460 and maximum of $25,380 for six showings nationwide. The foreign residual package was unchanged—writers have the option on one-hour residuals of accepting a fixed $4,400 payment or 1.2 percent of the producer's revenues, capped at $5,700. And for all the hardship this issue caused, it is unlikely that writers will see any additional money from foreign residuals. The writers get

per limits of $12 for such musicals as *1776* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*. (*You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* was a bargain at $8.) The 1970s saw only modest increases after inflation. *Pippin* and *Candide* were asking $15 by 1975; *A Chorus Line* and *Dancing in the End Zone* set a high of $27.50 in 1980, but *Annie*, *Barnum*, *Evita*, and *Ain't Misbehavin'* were all going for $25 or less.

Then the floodgates opened. In 1981, *Evita*, *Amadeus*, and *Barnum* all were asking $30; by 1982 *Cats* had risen to $45; *Evita* and *A Chorus Line* were up to $40. In 1983, *Agnes of God*, *A Chorus Line*, and *Amadeus* all joined the $45 club. Inflation accounted for less than $5 out of the $20 increases of those three years. After those years, increases again slowed. The top ticket price today is $50.

Other costs—particularly advertising—are rising too and the pressure appears to be on to charge whatever people will pay. Explaining the ticket increases of the first four years of the eighties, producer Morton Gottlieb notes that "when I had *Sleuth* and *Same Time, Next Year* on Broadway, they played to capacity standing room for the first year. . . [so] everybody said 'raise the prices, raise the prices.' "

Has there been an attempt on the part of management and labor to keep price increases down over the last few years? "I don't think there ever is," he contends. "Somebody raises and somebody else raises." As Papp notes ominously, "there are only large-budget shows on Broadway."

Box office receipts this year were Broadway's highest ever, but much of that can be accounted for by a handful of big musicals, and attendance levels are still not back to their 1984 level. That means goodbye to all but the smallest plays—"Chances are slim that you'll ever make it [on a play with a cast of 15 or more]," says Papp—and goodbye to the kind of risk-taking that makes great theater.

IATSE officials seem to understand that the salad days may be over. Presumably some of the recent restraint is a product of more modest union increases in the past three years—0, 5½, and 5½ percent salary increases per year. But their idea of worker cooperation still leaves a lot to be desired. For Rosenman's production of *Dancing in the End Zone*, for example, IATSE allowed him to drop the otherwise-required curtain-puller. Of course, the show didn't have a curtain. "It's an experiment," Bob McDonald, business agent of Manhattan's Local 1, boasted to *BusinessWeek* at the time. "Maybe it will work and bring in other producers with shows. I hope so."

A shared system of real risk and real reward, where salaries are tied more closely to the success of a play, might help pull the commercial theater through, allowing producers to stem their price hikes and giving them no excuse to complain about high costs. In the meantime, as Papp himself admitted, "a lot of people just can't go to the theater who want to go to the theater." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bonuses only when foreign sales hit $366,000 per episode, a summit that only "Dynasty" and a handful of other big sellers have reached.

"The strike cost me six figures in cold cash," says Christian Williams, a writer and former editor at *The Washington Post*. "And for what? For what principle did I write a check for six figures?" Williams, who in his 20 years as a journalist endured two newspaper strikes, can think of none. "The labor movement of the 1930s was about living conditions, a fair shake, and what is America. This strike was not about [that]; it was about money."

Other writers portray their fight as a Depression-era struggle. "To cast the strike in terms of dollars and cents was a heresy," says John Romano, a colleague of Williams's at Mary Tyler Moore productions. "You had to couch it in terms of how horrible management is to the workers."

This the writers had no trouble doing. At a union solidarity meeting in July, for instance, actor Robert Culp retraced the last ten years of labor-management relations in America. "Time and again the men in the suits went to the workers and asked for relief," said Culp, who starred on television in "I Spy" and is a WGA member. One lumpen to another, he added: "The suits have a master plan to destroy us."

Culp received a rousing ovation. When the meeting broke, 12 of his besieged brethren drove off in Mercedes Benzes (nine sedans, three coupes); seven in BMWs; four in Jaguars; and two in Porsches. Stephen J. Cannell, a writer and executive producer of "Hunter," "Wiseguy," and "21 Jump Street," was not at the meeting, but he knows the power of Culp's message. At the end of each show he produces, Cannell, whose company employs 2,000 staff members and churns out $150 million worth of programming each year, is shown madly pecking at a typewriter. "I do [that]," he told the *Los Angeles Times*, "because I've never wanted to be perceived as a suit."

Hollywood writers angrily fight their portrayal as millionaires with pickets. And with some reason; of the more than 9,000 members, at any one time just over half are employed. While 28 guild members sped away from the July solidarity meeting in style, more than 700 drove off in mere middle-class comfort.

Still, the strident tone of Culp and other WGA members belies the writers' overall affluence and their ability to rise into the ranks of management. Practically every prime-time television show is produced and, in part, owned by former writers. For these executive producers, television can be extraordinarily lucrative. When "Family Ties" was sold into syndication, Gary David Goldberg, a former writer who created the show, reportedly made $20 million.

Amid Hollywood's labor-management battles there seems little hope that progress can be made against the culture of excess that permeates the industry. The minimum fee for a one-hour script is $18,000. A feature-length movie commonly nets writers $300,000. Directors typically make twice as much as writers, and for actors the sky is the limit. In 1980 actors and actresses made $10,000 for appearances on hour-long dramas. Today fees run as high as $50,000.

As for the industry, increase the WGA-AMPTP enmity twentyfold and you can begin to see how intractable labor-management relations are in Hollywood. Contract renewals do not always result in strikes, but between the alliance and entertainment industry unions there is no such thing as an easy negotiation. "You just know the DGA [Directors Guild of America] is upset it gave in on foreign residuals," says Knopf. "The next time around it will want what the writers got."

Sharing the risk

If Hollywood is going to adjust to the declining prominence of the TV networks and the rise of VCRs, it will have to abandon the adversarial labor-management tradition that has proved so destructive to American capitalism. How much better it would have been to scale those "caps" back so that writers could count on making a fortune if their shows did well and would take their share of the burden if they flopped.

Among producers the notion of sharing profits remains more than a little foreign. During a particularly heated bargaining session a producer reportedly said that paying a writer a royalty when a show he wrote is rerun is "like paying the plumber something extra every time I flush the toilet."

But the producers have little choice but to work out a sensible system of shared risk with the writers. As the big three continue to lose market share to cable and independent stations, their willingness to pay more than a million dollars an hour for programs will diminish. "Unless producers can pass some of those cuts along to the WGA [and other guilds] they will get out of the one hour business," predicts John Romano.

In the end what the writers' strike may be remembered for most is clobbering more than 200,000 members of the real working class—dry cleaners, technicians, restaurant workers and more: innocents who learned first hand the perils of working in an industry in which labor and management are both shortsighted and selfish. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fast Start

A former White House staff member lists seven ways the next president can make his administration a winner

by Stephen Hess

What is good for the president is good for the country is a proposition not always true, even though all presidents eventually come to believe it. However for the purposes of this exercise, which is to offer commonsensical advice to the next president, we assume his perspective.

There is no presidency for all seasons, of course. These are notes directed at a first-term president. They are also for a president who wants to be reelected.

Presidents have no shortage of advisers, self-appointed or otherwise, and we should try to be as helpful as possible in those areas that we think we know best. What follows, then, mostly relates to presidential organization or presidential press relations.

Avoiding contrariness

Incoming presidents vow that they will not make the same errors as the outgoing president. That mistakes have been made is always a given. That new presidents judge that they have a mandate to be different is also a given. This is most obvious if there is a changeover of political parties, especially if an incumbent president has been defeated. But the urge to start afresh is even present when the new president is the old vice president. The principle of contrariness is very strong.

Newly installed President John Kennedy disbanded recently departed President Dwight Eisenhower's National Security Council machinery and consequently was left without a proper advisory body in the White House during the Bay of Pigs crisis. Jimmy Carter's antipathy to having a chief of staff was partly a reaction to the way Richard Nixon ran his White House. The adage to be recalled is "don't fight the last war." Or in the words of Richard Cheney, Gerald Ford's chief of staff: "Each new administration tries to organize itself in such a way that it avoids a problem that the previous administration had, but they always get it wrong."

In 1989 the danger of responding to an unengaged presidency is a return to Carterism. The president-elect must guard against abolishing things Reaganesque simply because of their provenance. One possible candidate for change is the relationship between president and cabinet. Although hardly noticed by public and press, Reagan created what his aide Martin Anderson calls a "fairly elegant solution to the problem of how to effectively use cabinet members in the development of national policy." It was called the cabinet council system and it consisted of six subgroups of cabinet members arrayed by

Stephen Hess is a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution. *Copyright ©1988 by the Brookings Institution.* *A version of this article will appear in* Critical Choices, *to be published by Brookings in 1989.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

topic, such as natural resources and the environment, commerce and trade, and so forth. Anderson reports that by the first week in December 1981 there had been 112 cabinet council meetings, roughly one-fifth of them chaired by the president. He goes on to say: "This meant that on 112 separate occasions a half-dozen or so cabinet members got into their cars and journeyed to the White House. They usually arrived 10 or 15 minutes early and stayed for a while after the meeting. Most of that extra time before and after the meeting was spent in discussion with other cabinet members and senior members of Reagan's White House staff.

"Sometimes after a meeting a member or two of the cabinet would join a White House aide in his office for further discussions. These short, impromptu discussions among and between the president's policy advisers were probably as important to the advancement and development of his policy as the meetings themselves. Valuable pieces of information were exchanged, disagreements got worked out privately, and Reagan's advisers got to know each other personally, intimately. It created, for a while, an unusual degree of harmony between two normally antagonistic groups, the White House staff and the cabinet."

Anderson's account of life within the Reagan White House may claim too much for what can be developed through cabinet councils. The system works best on issues that are least important to a president. On a scale of zero to ten, these are the number fives and below, issues like natural gas deregulation, telecommunications, federal credit policy—all mentioned by Anderson as having been studied. What should be obvious, of course, is that presidential policies less important than war or peace, boom or bust, are still very important.

The major test of the principle of contrariness in 1989 could be how the new president responds to "Irangate." If hard cases make bad law, as the lawyers say, so too do the sort of presidential actions that are given the "gate" suffix. When President Reagan chose to sell arms to Iran, he was disregarding the advice of his secretaries of state and defense. The fault was in the president's judgment, not his advisory system. The report of the congressional investigating committees rightly concludes, "Congress cannot legislate good judgment." When Oliver North arranged to divert funds from the arms sale to the contras—questions of legality aside—he violated rules of behavior that have governed NSC affairs for four decades.

An irony of the Iran-contra affair is that Reagan initially wanted to downgrade the NSC. It looked to Larry Speakes as if "the president and his top aides. . . had such low regard for the position of NSC director that they paid little attention to those who held the post." If so, the president paid dearly for his indifference.

The Tower Commission offers some sensible advice on the role of the NSC advisers: they should have direct access to the president and not have to report through some other White House official; they should not try to compete with the secretary of state and the secretary of defense as the "articulator of public policy"; and they should focus on "advice and management, not implementation and execution."

Staffing the White House

A longstanding tenet of public administration holds that, in the words of a 1980 report, "The immediate staff of the president should be small. A large staff of personal assistants will reduce the president's ability to control those persons who speak directly in his name." This school of thought further argues in favor of "limiting the operational responsibilities" of the White House and avoiding the "temptation" of loading the president's staff with units representing special interests. In recent years, however, there has sprung up a school of counter-wisdom that forcefully argues in favor of the presidency creating "a managerial capacity." Bradley Patterson made these 1988 estimates of the number of people who are considered White House staff members: the White House Office (including the Office of Policy Development), 568; the National Security Council staff, 190; the Office of the Vice President, 98; and the 45 percent of the Office of Administration that directly supports the White House, 91; for a total of 947.

But the issue is really one of functions, not numbers.

The White House unit whose function is most often questioned is the Office of Public Liaison. First constructed by Charles Colson in the Nixon administration, it has amassed at various times a body of presidential assistants to look after the concerns of business, labor, women, blacks, Hispanics, Jews, youth, the aged, Native Americans, consumers, ethnic groups, and farmers. As succinctly stated by Robert F. Bonitati, who served in the office in the Reagan White House, the problem is, "1) It raises the visibility of many issues that do not deserve such attention; 2) it brings issues into the White House that should be settled elsewhere in the government; 3) it enhances the importance of the 'interest groups' being represented; and 4) it raises some troublesome questions about 'interest groups' advocates par-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticipating in policy-making decisions impacting their constituencies." While it is true that these White House aides represent the president to groups that he needs in order to govern and get reelected, it is often more correct to say that these are presidential employees who represent certain interests within the White House. President Carter's experience with his "counselor on aging," Nelson Cruikshank, makes this point. As recounted by Joseph Califano, who was then secretary of HEW:

"Then, on January 24th [1979], Carter called. 'Cruikshank is threatening to resign as my counselor on aging unless he can speak out publicly against the Social Security reduction proposals.'

" 'I don't see how you can run your government and let a presidential aide attack the president's proposals,' I responded.

" 'Hamilton [Jordan] is concerned that if Cruikshank quits, he will organize all the senior citizens groups against us,' Carter said.

" 'Can't he just stay on and keep quiet? Just not support the proposals actively?' I suggested, seeking to salvage the situation.

" 'I tried that. But Cruikshank wants to oppose them publicly,' Carter said."

Cruikshank stayed on and "delivered a stinging attack on the Social Security proposals before the [House] Committee on Aging." Special group advocacy within the White House increased under Reagan. It is time to reverse this trend and abolish the office.

There is also the question of how the White House wishes to deal with the proliferation of local television news reportage from Washington. In 1979 there were slightly more than 300 reporters who covered Washington for local television stations and about the same number from the networks; a decade later, the "locals" have tripled in number and the "nationals" have remained the same. A new technology has created a growth industry in newsgathering. To date, local TV stations are most interested in news of their congressional delegations and most of their bureaus are located close to Congress on Capitol Hill. But this need not always be the case. The temptation of presidents to reach voters through their local news shows—whose audiences are greater than the network news—must be considerable. "With the rise of the locals," says David Gergen, Reagan's former director of communications, "the White House more than ever before is able, in effect, to narrowcast its message to a very specific audience. And local news gets a tremendous audience." The problem is that local news is not simply a matter of letting in more cameras to cover what the president is going to do anyway, it usually means the production of an entirely different kind of event and one that usually involves the presence of the president or the First Lady. Expanding this activity would soak up presidential time and should be resisted.

Meeting the press

The best way for a first-year president to control the flow of information is to hold frequent, full-dress televised press conferences. Ironically, this is exactly what the press says it wants.

There are three fallacies commonly included in most discussions of the role of presidential press conferences: that they are historically important; that they are journalistically important; and that they are breathtaking contests between reporters and president.

Press conferences also have one of the worst track records in terms of making news. If a president has something important to say, he can and does find far better vehicles than press conferences. Compare, for example, the news that comes from State of the Union messages. The press conference, however, could be said to make important news, if a president seriously misspeaks (which has happened only once, under Harry Truman, when he implied that the atomic bomb might be used against China during the Korean war), or if reporters, by their clever questioning, get presidents to reveal information that they would have wanted to keep to themselves. But any politician who has reached the presidency knows how to duck, bob, and weave sufficiently to stay out of trouble. As George Reedy correctly points out, "The president has the advantage since he can make a quip, evade the question, decline to answer on grounds of national security or simply turn to another reporter. It's his news conference, not the media's." A president also can control the conference with an opening statement, by scripting answers to the expected questions, and even by planting questions with friendly reporters.

Nevertheless, sensible people are convinced that press conferences are high-stakes gambles for a president. Questions often *sound* tough. Questioners often *sound* confrontational. Yet when one reads the transcript of a press conference, what is asked and how easily it is parried produce a different reality. Another reason press conferences are viewed as gladiatorial contests is that reporters are constantly telling us that that is what they are. (This is good for business and for their egos.)

It is also very much in the president's interest to perpetuate the notion that answering reporters' questions is a dangerous business. Assuming that the president in 1989 holds frequent press conferences,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best way to get rid of those appointees who are highly visible, possibly have their own constituencies, good press contacts, the potential to make trouble, and do not want to leave? Offer them another job.

he will be applauded by the press for restoring "a critically important means of communication" and applauded by the public for having the guts to go into the bullring.

Since the presidency is always a compared-to-whom proposition, "frequent" press conferences probably means having one every other week. Reagan averaged six a year; this schedule would quadruple the meetings while only returning them to the Kennedy-Johnson level. Restoring the press conferences to the 1960s frequency also may give a president some secret satisfaction in that it would cost the three television networks approximately $114 million annually in lost prime-time revenues.

Whether or not press conferences are as useful to the American people as journalists claim, they can be highly useful to a president in a way that rarely interests the press. The preparation, involving the study of elaborate briefing books, becomes an excellent back-channel for a chief executive to find out about the lower reaches of his own government.

Post-Reagan press operations, in keeping with the principle of contrariness, can be expected to change in other ways following Press Secretary Larry Speakes's revelations that he invented presidential quotations. The press complains that it has problems getting accurate information. The White House complains that the press has problems covering the substance of policy. Both are right.

As the White House staff gets larger, it gets more differentiated, more specialized; presidential assistants, beyond the core ring of aides who service the president, are increasingly economists, scientists, and other professional specialists. Yet the White House press corps has not become more specialized as it too has grown in size. It is a general assignments beat writ large. Even Sam Donaldson, the "dean" of White House TV reporters, goes back only to 1977, which should qualify him as an expert on two presidents but not necessarily on the presidency. Many reporters, such as Donaldson, get their White House assignment as a reward for covering the winning candidate during the campaign. News organizations use the change of presidents as an excuse to rotate reporters, thereby injecting mobility into their personnel systems. The rationale is that campaign reporters make valuable contacts with persons who will become White House assistants—a dubious proposition in that who you work for is more important than who you know in Washington journalism. A short tenure also assures that White House reporters are without a historical memory. (The wire services, who tend to treat the White House as a permanent assignment, are exceptions.) Having the White House covered by essentially political-cum-generalist reporters makes the peaks and valleys of a president's achievements more vivid. The peaks seem higher, the valleys lower.

A president could always push news away from the White House press corps. Instead of announcing major economic developments, for instance, he could have them come from the Treasury Department. Reporters on that beat are better equipped to deal with issues of financial complexity. Yet the thought for presidents of separating themselves from publicity is cruel and unusual punishment.

Since it is not within a president's power to reorganize the Washington newsgathering system or to reassign reporters (although some have tried), the next best hope is to seek to educate the White House press corps. For instance, the president's science adviser might make weekly presentations in the briefing room on scientific matters that affect federal policy. The difference between these briefings and the way press secretaries now try to fill up reporters'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time is the difference between a classroom and a showroom. This suggests also an additional criterion in the job descriptions of presidential advisers: the president's experts must be able to explain their expertise to the reporters whose job it is to explain the president's policies to their listeners and readers.

Living with leaks

Leaks, said President Ford, are a real "pain." They produce embarrassing news stories, throw off a president's timing, and consume an inordinate amount of high-level attention within the White House. If they get out of hand, they create very bad presidential management practices. With the threat of a leak hanging over his head like Damocles' sword, the president and his White House aides may severely limit the number of advisers who should be consulted or keep out technical experts who are not considered political loyalists. In short, the price paid for preventing leaks may far exceed damage caused by unauthorized publication.

The Reagan administration reached a new high in leaking, as will the next administration, because leaking has become such a routine and accepted part of Washington behavior and because, as government gets bigger and more complex, there will be more documents needed to produce decisions, more duplicating machines available to reproduce documents, and more reporters available to receive the documents.

So what advice might be useful to the new president?

First, he should understand who are apt to be leakers. Reagan's initial impulse was to blame the "large layers of the bureaucracy that you cannot change." But it is a rare bureaucrat who engages in leaking; the civil servants' world faces inward. They know how to thwart a president within their own agency. On the other hand, most journalists are outside their ken and represent risk beyond possible gain. Next a president tends to blame leaks on his press officers. But the press office tries to stay away from a practice that antagonizes the reporters who do not receive the leaks. The leakers, a president must be told, are his own political appointees.

Second, once the president understands who the leakers are, he can more readily accept the next proposition: a president is more leaked for than leaked against.

Third, as President Carter said, there is no "effective way to deal with the situation." Attempts to stop leakers, which usually involve wiretaps and lie detectors, are always painful, possibly illegal, rarely successful, and inevitably get a bad press.

The appropriate posture for a president, it seems to me, is to make a clear distinction between leaking and espionage. The latter is illegal and cannot be tolerated.

Picking the PIP

On every president's staff, deliberately or inadvertantly, initially or eventually, there is a *primus inter pares*. The PIP will have different titles in different administrations—the assistant to the president, chief of staff, special counsel. And while the PIP is often thought of as a single person—a Sherman Adams under Eisenhower, for example—we are reminded by Richard Neustadt that there is almost always more than one "senior among seniors" in the White House. PIP is the acronym of a collective noun. Baker-Meese-Deaver of Ronald Reagan's first term is a PIP.

The skills of a campaign manager are not what the new president most needs when picking the PIP. This should not imply that all campaign managers lack PIP skills. Such skills are more likely to be found in the campaigns of "insider" candidates. Hamilton Jordan, the architect of Carter's 1976 victory, claimed to be uninterested in the ways of Washington. Although on-the-job training is possible, it is hardly the most efficient way to get off to a fast start, especially since there is no shortage of those possessing the necessary skills. Reagan, another outsider, chose James Baker, a former official in the Ford administration, as his chief of staff, which then gave him the luxury of adding two California associates without Washington experience to complete a three-person PIP.

The PIP should be deeply schooled in and sensitive to the arcane ways of Washington. The PIP is the president's fail-safe mechanism, the last redoubt between him and a misstep. PIPs who interpreted their responsibilities to the president largely in managerial terms—H.R. Haldeman and Donald Regan—served their presidents least well.

What background offers the greatest possibility for success? Former Senator Howard Baker, whose entire Washington career had been in Congress, is unique in that he was pressed into service to add his own prestige to a battered presidency. Other PIPs served in Congress for briefer periods (Sherman Adams and Donald Rumsfeld) or were congressional staff members (Theodore Sorensen, Walter Jenkins, Dick Cheney). Ignorance of Congress is fatal.

Chief executives must be sorely tempted to turn their most trusted political friends into their PIP. After all, they are surrounded by strangers, supplicants, and sycophants. Yet the PIPs of this descrip-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion often have been the least effective. (Presidents need a friend, a role sometimes played by the First Spouse.) As Bruce Buchanan has put it, "Great chiefs of staff. . .may be no less difficult to locate than great presidents."

Getting a fast start

The overriding reason for a fast start is not directly related to a president's so-called honeymoon period. Rather, the attention of the public and mindset of the media are such that a president initially is noticed in a way that is unlikely to happen again, and thus what happens in the beginning is apt to cast his image in a mold that is extraordinarily difficult to recast. The impressions of the Carter and Reagan presidencies became firmly fixed in the first year, even though historians are going to prove they were not accurate portrayals of those presidents' time in office.

Whereas previous advice to a president-elect might have been "take your lumps early," this is now counterproductive and the new adage becomes "have a decisive victory, then take your lumps." Indeed a new president who comes to office without a complete program should promptly develop a limited agenda designed to produce at least one early decisive victory.

Getting a fast start is partly a product of how well the president-elect uses the ten weeks between election and inauguration. The problem is that candidates and their inner circles must dedicate themselves to the job at hand, winning the election. Planning for the transition is low priority and even may be counterproductive if it causes squabbling among the staff.

A recent trend has been towards larger and more elaborate post-election transition operations, which has been encouraged in 1988 by increased federal subsidies. Yet within the transition organizations there are always conflicts between "the politicians" and "the experts," those who are there because they helped the candidate get elected and those who are there because of special knowledge of how government works. Transition organizations are under added stress because many of the workers in them hope to find jobs in the new administration. Much time is spent bickering and gossiping, with the production of misinformation becoming so substantial as to eat into the energy of the small circle of those who really are advising the president-elect. As Edwin Meese, head of President-elect Reagan's transition, was fond of saying, "Those who know aren't talking and those who are talking don't know."

Presidents are notoriously bad at firing people. This is almost a presidential trait. Why? It is that most of the people who become presidents have spent most of their lives seeking office (perhaps starting in grade school), an activity in which it is important not to make enemies. Like Willie Loman, politicians want to be well liked.

Disposing of deadwood

The question, then, is how to get rid of unwanted appointees and remain well liked. Indeed, this is so important that the success of an administration can rest on finding the answer.

In some cases there is no answer. There was no way that Richard Nixon could have gracefully removed Watergate prosecutor Archibald Cox. In a few cases calling attention to the dismissal is part of the strategy, either because a dereliction of public trust is involved or as a warning to other appointees.

Most of the time, however, a president simply wants an unwanted appointee to go away without making a fuss. This happens more often than is usually noted. Every new administration has some persons who ultimately realize that coming to Washington was a mistake and quietly take leave of the place. But what is the best way to get rid of those appointees who are highly visible, possibly have their own constituencies, good press contacts, the potential to make trouble, and do not want to leave?

Offer them another job. From the president's vantage point, it is the former official, the insider who becomes the outsider, who could be dangerous.

Finding the right job for the unwanted official involves the fine art of equivalency. Take the case of Lyndon Johnson and Robert McNamara. Johnson respected McNamara, although he was discomforted by his defense secretary's closeness to the Kennedys. By 1967 McNamara also had become uneasy with the president's Vietnam policy. As the presidential election year approached, LBJ surely was calculating the damage of the Pentagon chief resigning and going public, especially if Robert Kennedy decided to challenge him for the nomination. So McNamara was offered and accepted the presidency of the World Bank. Not only had a potentially troubling political problem been finessed but the World Bank had been placed in exceptionally capable hands.

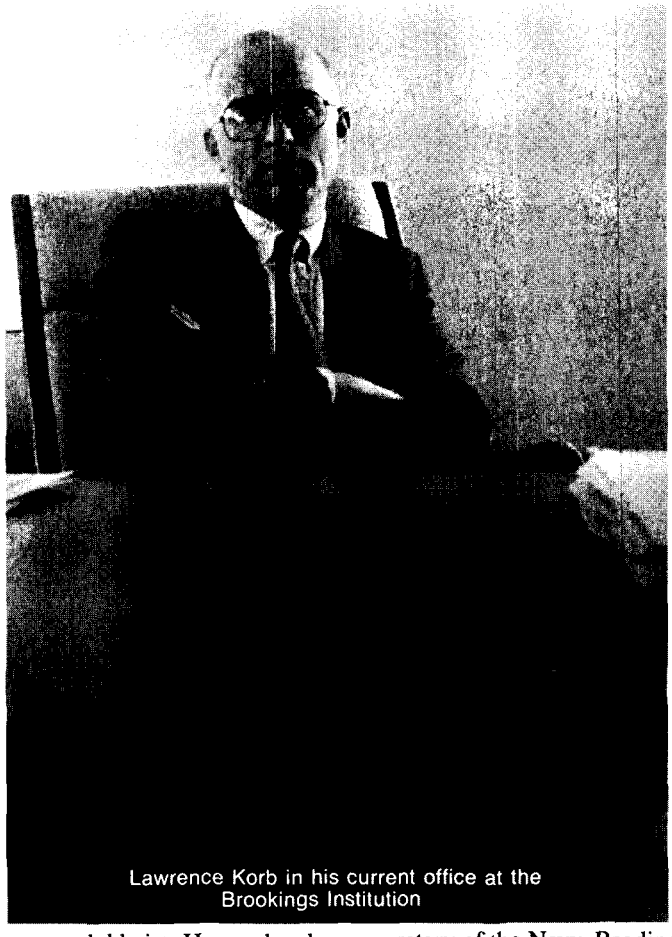
Had an equivalency been worked out for Donald Regan, such as making him ambassador and plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James—a title suitable to soothe a bruised ego—he would not have published while the administration was still in office his account of life and astrology within the Reagan White House. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Defense lobbyist told the truth about the Pentagon budget. Now he's out of a job.

'Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only the Raytheon Lobbyist.'

by Lyle Crowley



S.J. Pauser

Lawrence Korb in his current office at the Brookings Institution

On a February afternoon in 1986, the day before President Reagan made a nationally televised speech to promote his defense budget, the Committee for National Security, a Washington policy group, held a press conference on Capitol Hill. On the dais was Lawrence J. Korb, who just the year before had been serving in the Reagan Defense Department as assistant secretary for manpower and military preparedness. Like many military men before him, Korb had left the public service to become a lobbyist. He was head of the Washington office of Raytheon.

In his remarks, Korb echoed what had become a rather familiar and accepted notion by the middle of the president's second term: with a vast deficit and an unwillingness to reduce spending on domestic programs, Congress was sure to cut the defense budget. Given this fiscal climate, Korb explained, he had signed on to the committee's alternative budget, a proposal to keep military spending at pace with inflation (rather than outstrip it, as the administration desired). He added that it was the best one could hope for from Congress.

"What we have to do is avoid the temptation for the easy cuts," said Korb.

The next morning, across the Potomac, the temperature rose inside the office of John Lehman, the secretary of the Navy. Reading *The Washington Post*, Lehman was stunned by the headline: "Pentagon Ex-Defender Turns Critic." Lehman later told investigators that he "especially was upset" by the *Post*'s report that Korb had urged cuts in his 600-ship, 15-carrier-group Navy. (While Lehman had argued for 15 carrier battle groups, Korb supports 13.) At the press conference, Korb had not directly criticized the navy buildup, but he had

Lyle Crowley is a New York writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spoken in general terms about maintaining a strong defense in the face of deficit pressures. The secretary, though, had seen enough.

When Korb arrived at his office the following day he was surprised by a call from a senior vice president of Raytheon, R. Gene Shelley. Shelley was based at Raytheon's headquarters in Lexington, Massachusetts and had never called Korb before. It was the start of a long morning. Shelley and another Raytheon executive had already been contacted by Melvyn R. Paisley, assistant secretary of the Navy for reserves, systems, and engineering, and Everett Pyatt, assistant secretary for shipbuilding and logistics. A third call came from Carl Smith, who served on the Republican staff of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Together the three men helped shape the nation's military budget and exercised enormous influence over billions of dollars in government contracts. They were not calling to congratulate Korb on his fine talk.

Before he had time to recover, the phone rang again. This time it was Korb's immediate boss, Philip Phalon. He told Korb to get upstairs quickly and said, "All hell's breaking loose up here." Korb headed up to the office, where he recalls Phalon saying, "You're in a lot of trouble. [Raytheon President D. Brainerd] Holmes says if you criticized Lehman's 600-ship Navy you should be fired." Korb defended himself and promised to call Pyatt and Paisley to straighten things out.

The next Wednesday, Korb went to Lexington to attend a staff meeting at Raytheon headquarters, uncertain of where he stood. It did not take long for him to find out. "When I walked into the room people looked at me like I had AIDS," he recalls. Korb describes a private and disturbing conversation he said he had with Phalon after the meeting. In court briefs, Phalon denies the meeting ever took place, and Raytheon officials have refused to discuss the case.

"The Navy has said they never want to see you," Korb recalls Phalon saying. "You're going to have to go." Phalon said that Assistant Secretary Pyatt had warned the chief of Raytheon's missile division that he would "stop assisting Raytheon with certain defense contracts" so long as Korb continued to criticize the defense budget. As for Carl Smith, the Republican committee aide, Phalon said that Smith did not want to see anyone from Raytheon's Washington office as long as Korb was there. Two former staff members of the Senate Armed Services Committee say that Smith was unusually close to senior navy officials.

Korb was asked to resign from his $150,000-a-year job on March 12. In an effort to salvage his past, he contacted John Warner, then the second-ranking Republican on the Senate Armed Services Committee and a former secretary of the Navy, who called Raytheon on Korb's behalf. Melvin Laird, the former defense secretary and a friend of Korb, made a call to John Lehman, in support of the besieged lobbyist. But whatever support may have been lent, it may well have been undermined just days later by notes that were dispatched from Lehman's deputies to Raytheon's executives. They were not what one might call letters of recommendation.

"The Navy objects strongly to officers of our contractors, whose salaries are paid in part by the Department of Defense, speaking as company officers, attacking President Reagan's defense program," Assistant Secretary Pyatt wrote Phalon. Paisley wrote Gene Shelley, seeming to cheer Korb's firing. He complimented him "on the outstanding way in which you attacked our mutual concerns." Both officials did write that they could continue working with Korb, provided he was less outspoken. But by then, Korb was already out the door.

For his part, Lehman maintains that he never told anyone to call Raytheon. He has said he simply "expressed concern" at his biweekly staff meeting. But months after the incident he told *The Washington Post*: "I had every hope Raytheon would tell [Korb] to shut up and stop testifying against his principal customer."

Lehman declared that he considered it "a personal affront. . . [that] a so-called team player would join the forces of the opposition," adding that "gentlemen don't do that." Lehman also pointed out—a la Don Corleone—that although his deputies did not threaten to take action against Raytheon or its $3 billion-plus in Pentagon contracts, "you don't have to get specific. It's understood you're unhappy." (Neither Lehman nor his deputies returned phone calls for this story.)

Hearing Lehman, you need to remind yourself that Korb's criticisms of the defense budget were mild in the extreme. This was, after all, a Reagan-appointee-turned-defense-contractor.

But what happened to Lawrence Korb isn't merely the case of one man done wrong. We all suffer and not in some abstract way. On any day, Congress and the executive branch and policy makers throughout the bureaucracy are making crucial decisions about the hardware and strategy we will pursue in support of our national defense. Over the next decade, as the deficit hangs heavy over any defense budget, the country will make these choices in rapid-fire succession. One can say with certainty that we will make the wrong choices if we are denied the voices of those who understand the details. Are the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hydraulics on the M-1 tank functional? Is the Seawolf submarine a reliable vessel? Will the software on SDI work? Those who have devoted their lives to the vital minutiae of defense need to feel comfortable enough to speak out, to raise their voices against the din of those liberals who oppose new weapons with Pavlovian certainty or those conservatives who embrace them with equal predictability. Ideally, our debate would be informed by those enlisted men of every rank who could speak openly about weapons that they have seen fail on the landing strip in the Philippines or those that cheered them in the Mediterranean. But barring a sudden outbreak of outspokenness among Americans in uniform, we need, at the very least, to hear the voices of those on the perimeter of the Pentagon, those in the defense industry, those whose understanding of the military is not gleaned from newspapers but steeped in the data bases and computer projections and regression analyses that are at the heart of our security.

Exile in Philly

Lawrence Korb is very much of that world of defense analysts. Now 49, he is director of public policy education at the Brookings Institution, following a short spell as dean of the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs at the University of Pittsburgh. Korb received his Ph.D. from SUNY-Albany in 1969, and went on to teach government at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy and Georgetown University. In 1980 he joined the American Enterprise Institute.

Korb is not through with those who ushered him out of the defense industry more than two years ago: last February he brought a $1 million suit against the navy officials and Carl Smith for violating his first amendment rights. His case is in the hands of Kate Martin of the American Civil Liberties Union, who until recently defended Oliver North.

Among the first to suggest using the courts was Morton Halperin, head of the ACLU's Washington office. He advised Korb to take a stand to help pave the way for others.

"I thought there was an important principle," says Halperin. "I believe his first amendment rights were being violated, and I believe if he did not challenge it, then other people would be reluctant to do so in the future." The case is now on appeal after being dismissed by a federal judge in Alexandria, Virginia on July 19.

Among the several congressmen who rose to support Korb was Denny Smith, a Republican congressman from Oregon and then the cochairman of the Military Reform Caucus in the House. "John Lehman is a very devious individual who directed Paisley and Pyatt to get [Korb]," he charges. "These guys should have been tried for blackmail a long time ago." In July 1986, the congressman requested that the Defense Department's inspector general look into the affair. The report, released in October of that year, offers a chronology of what happened to Korb. The inspector general graciously acknowledged Korb's right to speak out, calling it "self-evident," and he did charge that the navy officials "acted improperly," intending to muzzle Korb. Although there was no smoking memo that anyone ordered Raytheon to take action, the inspector general chided the officials for failing to recognize the chilling effect of their calls. As Lehman later admitted, when the top brass is dealing with a contractor they don't need to enunciate every syllable to make their displeasure known.

Accompanying the IG report was a short letter from Caspar Weinberger, then secretary of defense. Defense Department officials "should never seek to pressure contractors or their personnel to express (or not to express) views on any matter of public policy," Weinberger wrote. The secretary made no effort to help Korb or to punish Lehman & Co.

Fantastically, Raytheon officials told the inspector general that pressure from the Pentagon had nothing to do with their decision to ask Korb for his resignation. Phalon said that the dismissal was "part of a continuum." Shelley, the company's senior vice president, dismissed Korb's ouster as a "minor flap." But it's the rare businessman who sits calmly when the customer writes angry letters. And the Defense Department accounted for more than 50 percent of Raytheon's $7.3 billion in sales that year.

The inspector general's report and other documents also paint an odd picture of Lehman and his deputies. At the same time they were furious about Korb, they were trying to keep him from be-

GREAT AMERICAN SMOKEOUT
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
TAKE A BREATHER
ON NOVEMBER 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing fired. Shortly after Korb had been told to pack his bags, Raytheon officials turned around and offered him another position, a less prestigious post in the company's Philadelphia office, where he'd take a $90,000-a-year cut to $60,000. (Phalon himself admitted, "That's not a big end of our business.") In his affidavit, Lehman says that he "heard a report" that Korb was going to be fired and decided to call Raytheon's president to say that the Navy did not wish to see that happen. Phalon confirmed to the IG investigators that a new job for Korb "certainly was discussed...as a result of a call he received from Mr. Lehman."

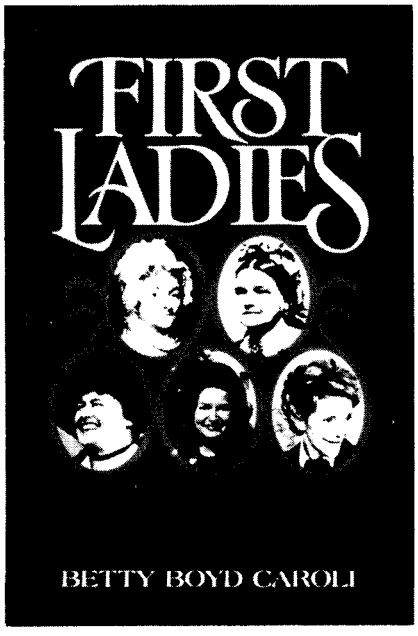
Why might Lehman try to keep Korb off the unemployment line? A glimmer of the Navy's concern can be seen in a bizarre conversation Korb recalls having with Paisley, Lehman's deputy. Some weeks after he left Raytheon, Korb went to see Paisley. When the incident first flared, Korb had called Paisley to explain himself. Now, he had a surprise call from Paisley. He says Paisley asked, "Did the letters do the trick?" seemingly unaware of Korb's ouster. Korb told of his nosedive and then dejectedly fished for conversation. The topic of the day was an attack on the U.S. forces by Libyan patrol boats. Korb remarked how it reminded him of the Gulf of Tonkin incident in Vietnam. "I remember at the time I was talking to my commanding officer...." Korb began. Paisley, a former pilot, looked stunned.

"You were in the service?" he interjected. Sure, Korb replied, he flew patrol planes for four years in Vietnam.

"Oh my God," Paisley replied. "If I had known that, I would never have done any of this to you." (Paisley did not return several messages placed on his telephone answering machine.)

Korb says Paisley promised to see what he could do. It's unlikely that misty-eyed memories of the service might spur Paisley to help Korb keep his job. Political savvy is a more plausible explanation. It's easy to picture Lehman, who never saw combat in Vietnam and whose military duty began in the Pennsylvania National Guard and ended in the Naval Reserve, realizing that the ouster of a real war veteran could turn into a public relations disaster. The press would treat Korb like a whistleblower and declare open season on the "chicken hawk" who loved big weapons but never found it in himself to use one in combat. Keeping Korb at Raytheon could have avoided the problem of his roaming around on the outside, sharing his disenchantment with the

An insider's view of the women who have held the most demanding, unpaid, unelected job in America



"Impressive.... [An] engrossing and informative book." —*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

"The first comprehensive study of the changes in the nature of the position of first lady from 1789 to 1987.... Splendid in every way: thoroughly researched, illuminatingly written."
—**Paul F. Boller, Jr.,** *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*

"Anyone curious about the politics of the changing roles of women in our social history will find much to ponder here." —*The Washington Monthly*

428 pp.; photos, paper $8.95

At better bookstores or directly from
OXFORD PAPERBACKS
Oxford University Press
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press. In LBJ's words, it's better to have him in the tent pissing out than the other way around. Of course, none of the shuffling to find a new job for Korb made any difference. He quit.

The lie detector

It's reasonable to ask whether Korb was falling down on the job and was likely to be shown the door whether or not he spoke out on the defense budget. Raytheon officials have declined comment, but others do concede that it was not a perfect union. Frank Hinchon, a former senior official in the Washington office and retired 28-year veteran of Raytheon, said that executives did not applaud Korb's public speaking. "We never had anyone in this position who did that kind of thing," Hinchon explains.

But Korb was hardly destined to be fired. Indeed, the company had hired a consultant to go to Korb specifically and recruit him for the post. Perhaps Raytheon's expectations of Korb were unclear, but Phalon's deposition describes a hiring process that is hardly haphazard: Phalon states, "The criteria for Washington Office Chief is rather lengthy and includes enough so that the fellow would really have to walk on the Potomac to get there. . . but Dr. Korb seemed to fit that list very well." No one at Raytheon has ever claimed to have cautioned Korb against public speaking. On the contrary, Korb says that when he first began work at Raytheon he asked Phalon if speaking engagements would present a problem. "Not at all," he says Phalon told him. "That will help you make contacts."

Indeed, no one complained when Korb openly criticized the Defense Department several times prior to the pivotal February press conference. Months before, as the speaker at Raytheon's quarterly dinner, Korb discussed the problem of increasing the navy force structure and the need to compromise on defense spending—precisely the points that later sent him into a tailspin. In early February, he repeated the same remarks in a CBS interview filmed at his office and aired on national TV. Again there were no angry reproaches. The problems came only after *The Washington Post* had flagged his statement on Capitol Hill with a strong headline and the Pentagon became upset. So long as the navy brass did not notice Korb, it seems, the Raytheon people did not seem upset.

What seems much more likely is that navy pressure did in Korb. After all, Lehman had never held any great place in his heart for Korb. In 1982, Korb gave a confidential briefing to the Pentagon's Defense Resources Board, pointing out the mismatch between military strategy and resources. Somehow the briefing wound up in *The Washington Post*, and everyone involved had to take a lie detector test. An aide of Korb's was eventually sacked after failing the test. According to Korb, Lehman then made a personal attack on the aide before the board. Convinced of his aide's innocence, Korb accused Lehman of taking a "cheap shot." A heated skirmish ensued. (The *Post* writer, George Wilson, later said the assistant had not been his source.) The incident was typical of Lehman, says Korb. "If he didn't like the analysis, he went after the analyst."

With Lehman steering the department with such a heavy hand, it is difficult to imagine his keeping a distance in the Korb affair. Certainly it would have been inconsistent with his close working relationship with Paisley. Yet the Navy claims its statements about Korb were simply expressions of spontaneous outrage, with no relation to previous animosities. In his court affidavit, Paisley stated that he never knew Pyatt had contacted anyone at Raytheon until he learned it from the press. But if the two were acting independently, why were their letters to Raytheon both dated March 19? If Lehman was instructing them, as Korb suggests, presumably the three acted in concert. Paisley's innocence also would require that he and Pyatt never once discussed Korb for more than three weeks—a period that included at least one general staff meeting.

Even more distressing than a conspiracy is the idea that navy contracts were used to coerce Raytheon into cutting Korb loose (or exiling him to Philadelphia). "This is all part of the defense procurement scandal as far as I'm concerned," says Denny Smith. "They were manipulating people, products, test results, and anything else they wanted to change." Two contracts for Phoenix and Standard missiles were indeed won by Raytheon a few months after the Korb incident, although there is no evidence of impropriety. But certainly a threat—even a tacit one—to interfere with those contracts would have been just as effective as any promise of a benefit for silencing Korb. And when it comes to threats, remember you need only hint at your displeasure.

Phalon, Korb's boss, was indignant when such charges were raised by the IG investigators. "I have far greater respect for people that work for the United States Department of Defense than to think that," he said. But of course Melvyn Paisley is not exactly above reproach. He now stands at the center of the defense procurement scandal, suspected, among other things, of rigging defense contracts. And *Time* reported in July that the Justice Department has "specific, solid evidence" that Lehman learned of the government investigation and warned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paisley. Even if this was not a crime, it highlights a disturbing, collusive element of the relationship between these two men and does little to dispel charges that they conspired to silence Korb.

Liberals and Americans

Korb has found no more relief in the courts than he has in the bureaucracy. In dismissing his $1 million suit in July, the federal district judge in Virginia declared that even if the "stimulus" to fire Korb came from government officials, those officials are not accountable for what Raytheon chooses to do. To win, Korb would need to prove that Raytheon was "coerced" into a decision. But Lehman's own words seem like strong evidence that coercion was used.

This wouldn't be the first time that the courts have shut the door on someone who speaks up. One of the main cases cited by Korb's judge dealt with Secretary James Watt. In the 1981 case, *Watt v. Donohoe*, Watt was reported to have said to a private gathering, "I never use the words Republicans and Democrats. It's liberals and Americans." A Washington lobbyist for an energy company, disturbed when he saw the quote, wrote Watt a three-paragraph letter asking for a clarification of his remarks. Watt responded by dispatching an assistant to write to the president of the lobbyist's company in Texas and to the president of the industry trade association. The lobbyist was fired shortly afterwards, and the courts granted him no relief.

With so many "experts" moving through the revolving door into the private sector, it is unlikely that Korb will be the last of his kind. And unless courts take a more liberal view of coercion it is likely these future voices will be lost. But discerning judges alone won't solve the problem. We need defense officials who not only tolerate but encourage debate inside and outside the government. No matter what views are aired when it comes to procurement, of course, the government is supposed to award contracts because a company's products are the most effective and efficient available, not because it likes the people selling those products.

In some small way, Korb can take heart. As far as the budget reductions that Korb supported in his press conference, which Lehman called "dangerous" policies that would "undermine national security," the Defense Department would have been better off agreeing with him and digging in their heels. The amount of money the dangerous CNS alternative budget of 1986 would have allotted for next year amounts to $7 billion more than the Pentagon has even requested. □

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

Journalism Award

for August 1988 is presented to

William Oscar Johnson
Sports Illustrated

From the Bud Light Ironman Triathlon in Hawaii to "Relief Pitcher" Night at Riverfront Stadium, beer makers sponsor sports like no one else. The reason? Demographics: no one drinks more beer than sports fans, and no one watches more sports than beer drinkers. But as William Oscar Johnson reports, the marriage of athletics and alcohol can bring troubling results, from rowdy fan behavior to the glamorization of alcohol abuse. As one doctor told Johnson: "For blatant . . . commercial exploitation of our youth by drug merchants, this takes first place." Former NFL star Bubba Smith agreed. When he saw that his wildly popular Miller Lite commercials were encouraging teenagers to drink, Smith quit making them.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper, magazine, television, or radio story (or series of stories) on our political system. Nominations for any newspaper, magazine, or radio or television station in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestation.

The award for stories published or aired in September will be announced in the December issue. Nominations for stories published or aired in October will close November 15. The winner will be announced in the January issue. Two copies of the article or broadcast text should accompany the nomination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Except for the slipshod inspections, the loose regulations, and the untrained pilots, commuter airlines are pretty safe

'Hey, Lou, This Propeller Looks Pretty Sturdy to Me.'

by Ed Sussman

Not long ago on ABC's "This Week with David Brinkley" the conversation turned to the latest well-publicized airline disaster, the crash of Delta flight 1141 en route from Dallas-Ft. Worth to Salt Lake City. After it was duly noted that things could have turned out much worse (94 of 107 people on board survived the crash), Sam Donaldson, ABC's star correspondent, launched into some mild criticism of aviation safety, for which he was promptly and predictably attacked by George Will, ABC's star conservative.

Will ticked off the standard defense of the airline industry, arguing it is still more dangerous to drive to the airport or cross the street than to fly, and he was supported by Hodding Carter, the liberal ABC commentator, who held that those in the news business like to focus attention on airline safety because they jet around so often and fear for their own lives. Outnumbered, Donaldson backed off a bit, but not before noting how there was nothing quite like an air disaster to get people crowding around television sets.

Poor Sam. There he was falling back on hype when he had the chance to put forward the facts and at the same time get Will with the kind of zinger that gives people reason to wake up on Sunday mornings. Instead of citing the shock value of an aviation disaster, Donaldson might have asked Will when he was last forced to fly in a ten-seat, twin-engine turbo-prop from, say, Raleigh to Richmond, or in a Beechcraft 1900 from Homer, Alaska to Kodiak. Not lately, George? Well, then it's no surprise you think air travel is so much safer than car travel. For the places you've probably been jetting off to, you've got it right (although the 31 accidents involving scheduled major airlines in 1987 was the highest number since 1974). Try spending a few hours aboard a small commuter airline and then tell us about airline safety.

The residents of small and some not-so-small towns routinely do just that (minus the television pulpit). For them, air travel means the piston- or turbine-engine airplane, not the airline jet, from which the usual it's-safer-than-driving statistics are culled. This has been the case especially since

Ed Sussman is an editor in the Brussels bureau of The Wall Street Journal, Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deregulation in 1978, when the major airlines were allowed to leave the less profitable routes to the minors, known as commuters, or as those in the industry prefer, "regional airlines." And, though it may surprise Will, the latest information from the research director of the congressionally created Aviation Safety Commission indicates that for those who fly with the bottom two-thirds (by size) of the commuter airlines, it's too close to say whether driving a car is riskier than flying. For every one million passengers who board one of these small airlines, slightly more than four will die. And this represents an improvement from the period before 1978, when, after six years of wrangling, there was a moderate tightening of the safety regulations governing most small airlines. Between 1970 and 1978, more than 13 people died for every one million passengers who boarded the smallest two-thirds of the commuter airlines.

And people are increasingly flying the commuters. Since deregulation dozens of newcomers opened up shop to take advantage of the void left by the majors. In 1978 there were 228 commuters operating, flying a total of some 1.13 million hours. By 1981 some 246 commuters were operating, flying 1.99 million hours. As the 1980s progressed, many of the smallest operators found it difficult to stay in business, despite the rapid increase in industry-wide volume. As of 1987, the average number of passengers each minor airline served had quadrupled from ten years ago, to nearly 190,000, although the number of carriers was down to 169. Analysts predict the number of airlines will continue to slowly drop, while the number of passengers, largely unaware of the commuters second-rate safety record, will continue to rise rapidly.

So while the chances of catastrophe might be less than one in a million for the jet-weary, the risk is much greater for the traveling seed salesman going from one small town to another, or for the family using a commuter airline as a "spoke" to get to a major airline "hub," which has become the prevailing industry practice for linking small towns to big towns and beyond. Or to compare the commuters in terms of the major airlines, as the Aviation Safety Commission did this April: "Despite improvements since deregulation, regional air travel remains more risky than jet travel, by more than a factor of three in terms of fatalities and more than a factor of ten in terms of serious injuries."

Pooped pilots, pooped planes

Part of the problem is that the government requires much less stringent safety procedures from the small airlines than from the big ones. The Regional Airline Association (RAA), representing the owners of the small airlines, has long argued that because of the cost, requiring the same safety from commuter airlines as from the major airlines would force many of them out of business, leaving some communities without any air service. Professional aviation-watchdogs say, for example, the RAA currently is lobbying against commuters having to carry on-board automatic technical data recorders, which are important for analysis in the event of a crash. A decade ago the association lobbied against requiring on-board cockpit voice recorders, but failed.

As a rule, however, the association has been unusually successful in representing its clients. Using the if-it's-safer-it-must-cost-more rationale, the government for decades has maintained two widely varying sets of rules for big and small airlines. Large airlines, operating jet aircraft, must adhere to a set of regulations known as part 121 of the Federal Aviation Regulations. Little airlines, generally operating little aircraft that carry no more than 30 passengers, usually fall under the much less stringent part 135 of the regulations. The smallest commuters, those operating aircraft seating nine or fewer passengers (piston aircraft with fewer than nine seats made up about 37 percent of the commuters as of 1986), have even fewer safety requirements to which they must adhere.

A few of the more notable lapses in safety requirements pointed out by the Aviation Safety Commission include:

Only airplanes with 20 or more seats must have the capacity to clear obstacles at the end of a runway if an engine fails during takeoff.

Only airplanes with ten or more seats must have the capacity to stop by the end of the runway if an engine fails before takeoff speed is reached.

Only airplanes with ten or more seats must have the capacity to climb with landing gear extended in the event of engine failure.

Only airplanes with ten or more seats must officially gauge what impact weight, temperature, runway conditions, and wind will have on takeoff.

Since little airplanes suffer engine failure much more frequently than big airplanes, the Aviation Safety Commission recommends ridding the code of these exemptions. In particular, the commission recommends that all commuter aircraft meet tougher standards. Because equipment failure beats out both bad weather and mid-air collisions as the number one cause of commuter crashes, the recommendation makes sense. According to the author of one book on the commuter industry, certain twin-engine small planes used by several airlines, including the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beech 99, Piper Navajo, and Cessna 402, have dangerously limited capacities in the event of engine failures. When fully loaded with people and luggage, the planes cannot "take off on a relatively short runway on a warm day with any significant margin of safety in the event of engine loss," writes John Nance in *Blind Trust*.

The current regulations are also lax on airport safety. Neither control towers, electronic precision landing aids (glide-slopes), nor terminal radar service are required at the small airports that serve predominantly commuters. To be located near the towns they service, many of these airports were constructed on terrain rougher than that at most major airports.

In some cases, safety advocates argue, commuter procedures should be even stricter than those of the majors. Why, for instance, should the minimum rest period be the same for a commuter pilot as for a jet pilot, when commuter pilots are subject to much greater fatigue? Within a single day a commuter pilot might have to make five takeoffs and an equal number of landings. A jet pilot might make only one. And as any pilot can tell you, fatigue builds much more quickly during landing and takeoff than in flight. A similar comparison can be made for the stress on the plane's equipment, which is much greater during takeoff and landing than in the air. The wear and tear on a commuter plane is extreme, and some safety experts argue that commuter airplanes need to be maintained more frequently and retired earlier than do the majors.

Small slips of paper

Consider a few more facts. According to the National Transportation Safety Board, more people died (58) patronizing small airlines in 1987 than in any other year this decade, and the overall accident rate, which had been gradually improving since the 1978 safety standards were tightened, shot back up to more than double what it was a year before.

Along with the 58 deaths in 1987, two fatal crashes early this year helped convince T. Allen McArtor, the FAA administrator, to launch a special investigation of commuter airlines. The first, a TransColorado flight, crashed on January 19 near Bayfield, Colorado, killing nine people and injuring eight others. One month later American Eagle flight 378 went down near Morrisville, North Carolina, killing all 12 people aboard. The crash occurred shortly after take-off.

Both of the planes, according to FAA data, were Fairchild Swearingen's 19-seat turboprops, model number SA227AC, also known as the Metro 3, which the annual report of the Regional Airline Association indicates is very popular. Some 283 Fairchilds are in use by regional airlines, the report says, making them second in popularity only to the Cessna, which has 324 planes in use. Both accidents are still under investigation, and no official results as to the cause have been released. It bears noting that the Metro 3, which costs about $3.5 million, is small enough that it does not have to meet the standard for engines recommended by the Aviation Safety Commission. These standards, having mainly to do with engine performance, can mean the margin of life or death in the event one engine fails. Fairchild is currently upgrading the Metro 3 fleet to meet a more stringent part 23 "commuter category" of the regulation, which becomes mandatory in 1991 but won't bring the plane up to the standards recommended by the Aviation Safety Commission unless the FAA requires it. "That's something the FAA is going to have to decide and right now they don't seem to think it's necessary," said a Fairchild engineer.

McArtor has dispatched 15 special teams of seven FAA inspectors each to look into airline management, pilot training, record keeping, maintenance procedures, and equipment at about 20 percent of the existing commuter airlines. The FAA is also expected to look at the marketing arrangements the major airlines have with the commuters, some of which are strictly for promotional and financial purposes. American Eagle, for instance, is affiliated with American Airlines. "What does a consumer think, if he sees a Northwest or United or American logo, on whether the reputation of the major airline is somehow involved?" McArtor said when he announced the investigation.

Preliminary results released by the FAA late in September show that there's plenty of investigatory work to be done. Already the FAA has found new instances of poor management and faked maintenance and operating records. Air New Orleans voluntarily turned over its operating certificate to the FAA just after its inspection. And before the special inspectors could even start their work, seven other commuters also turned in their certificates. These seven were Arctic Circle Air, AvAir (the parent company of the ill-fated American Eagle), Dade Helicopter Jet, Exec Express, Grand Canyon Airlines, South Pacific Island Airlines, and Texas National Air. But with the incredible economic instability in the commuter industry, it's hard to tell if fear of the FAA had anything to do with these latest industry casualties. At least three of the airlines were in Chapter XI when they surrendered their certificates, and AvAir claimed the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the mystery of the inspectors doesn't depress you, the shortage of experienced commuter pilots should.

FAA had nothing to do with its decision. Final results from the FAA are expected some time before the end of the year.

That the FAA already is required by law to keep tabs on the commuters didn't seem to do much good for safety in 1987. One reason: FAA policy always has been to give airlines plenty of notice before inspection teams show up. The FAA argues that three or four days isn't enough time to hide major deficiencies in an airline's operation. This might be true for the corporate-controlled majors, slowed down by sheer size and bureaucratic decision-making. And it's probably true for the top 50 or so commuters, most of which are affiliated with one of the major carriers, aping everything from corporate logos on the tails of the planes to ticket reservation systems. But for airlines in that bottom, most dangerous two-thirds of the industry, that operate four or five planes in a small town and depend on nearly every flight to get off the ground in order to make a profit, the prospect of a quick fix of the books is real. One pilot for a regional airline urged the FAA to change the notification policy in a recent letter to *Aviation Week and Space Technology*: "Prior to a recent inspection, some of our instructors, whose identity was understandably withheld, wrote in the April 4 edition, 'When you are going to look for problems, don't give so much notice. None of our pilots were asked in private about lapses in safety procedures.' "

The pilot's farm club

Monkeying around with the books did play a role in contributing to at least one disaster. The 1983 crash of Air Illinois's flight 710 near rural Pinckneville, Illinois, took the lives of seven passengers and three crew members. Although a commuter airline, Air Illinois, like many of the rapidly growing regionals, was operating some of its aircraft under section 135 of the regulations, for small concerns, and some under section 121, for larger airplanes.

Under 121, Air Illinois was required to keep a logbook recording all maintenance problems, registering any problems after each flight. Instead, Air Illinois captains made a habit of either recording maintenance problems on small slips of paper, which were then given to maintenance crews, or just telling the mechanics about the problems. This procedure allowed the airline to get flights off that would have otherwise been grounded for safety checks. Not recorded in the Air Illinois logbooks were eight electrical generator malfunctions within a four-month period.

And it was an electrical generator malfunction that eventually precipitated the crash of flight 710, a disaster that the National Transportation Safety Board concluded could have been prevented if the flight crew had known that they could not rely on battery power to get them to the next airport after their electrical generators failed. If the crew had turned back instead of pushing on, in all likelihood they would have survived. Would an accurate logbook on board have helped? And would surprise inspections by the FAA have caught the faked logbooks?

While the most important factor in the accident was the captain's failure to recognize that battery power would keep the flight aloft for only 30 minutes, not the 39 needed to get to the farther airport, the NTSB concluded that the false logbooks "endangered the operation of the plane." The NTSB also concluded that the FAA inspection had been "inadequate" and that a closer look by the FAA at the airline's maintenance procedures would have revealed the deficient logbooks.

Which brings us to another serious problem with commuter safety: ill-trained or nonexistent FAA in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the chances of catastrophe may be less than one in a million for big-city fliers, the risk is much greater for the traveling seed salesman going from one small town to another.

spectors. Perhaps a more serious hindrance to the FAA than its refusal to perform surprise inspections is the ongoing, chronic shortage of inspectors, especially well-trained and experienced ones. The FAA officially recognizes a need for 3,000 inspectors to police the entire airline industry and hopes to reach that number by 1991. With only a few more than 2,000 on the job as of August of this year, the task is formidable. Training inspectors for the commuters is particularly difficult considering the wide variety of aircraft those airlines use. Commuter inspectors must have knowledge of piston, turboprop, and jet aircraft, while major airline inspectors usually only have to worry about jets.

If the mystery of the inspectors doesn't depress you, the shortage of experienced commuter pilots should. Almost half of the commuter pilots quit the regionals every year, lured away by the much higher salaries and bigger planes of the majors. This statistic comes from an organization that tracks this matter closely, the Future Aviation Pilots Association, dedicated to helping its members secure jobs in the big leagues of the airline industry. Most commuter pilots try to quit as soon as they log enough flying hours for a job in the major league, FAPA says. While a commuter pilot is lucky to make $30,000 a year, an experienced major airline pilot can earn more than $100,000 a year. Plus the major airlines offer substantial benefits and job security, not to mention better safety for pilots as well as passengers. The commuters serve as a sort of farm club for new talent. Whenever the need for jet pilots becomes acute, as it is now because of the reduced number of pilots leaving the military, the majors skim the cream of the minors for replacements. The price of stability in the major airlines is a vastly inexperienced contingent of commuter pilots. No definitive study has been done linking pilot experience or inexperience to accident rates. Still, there's a reason why the major airlines require thousands more hours of flying time than the government requires: experience almost always makes better pilots.

Driving school

To make matters worse, most commuter pilots, unlike their colleagues in the majors, are without the able representation of the pilots' union, the Airline Pilots Association. With the rapid turnover at the commuters, only about two dozen commuters have unionized. The same is true for flight attendants. As a result, although the unions have formulated many safety recommendations for the commuters, they don't have the clout to force their adoption. On the other hand, APA has succeeded in negotiating into contracts with the majors safety-related clauses covering factors such as pilot rest. APA, for instance, would like the commuters to have some sort of training simulator requirement for pilots, even if it entails a less sophisticated version than is used for the majors. "Something is better than nothing," says John Macor of APA, adding that practice for maneuvers like belly flops is only possible in simulators.

But instead of more training, some commuter airlines are considering turning cockpits into driving schools. Called Ab Initio training, the procedure takes complete novices and trains them at breakneck speed. While only three graduates of the program are currently working as commuter pilots, the concept already has some people wary. "You don't want them stamping out pilots with a very limited amount of experience," warns Macor of APA. (For the record: the first three Ab Initio graduates went to Atlantic Southeast Airlines, based in Atlanta and af-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

filiated with Delta. TWA recently signed a letter of intent to hire future graduates.)

While the industry continues experimenting, and the government continues studying, how can a passenger tell if the commuter he or she is flying with today is dangerous?

Ask what kind of engine is powering the plane you'll be flying. Most commuters fly with turboprops these days, which have a much better safety record than piston engines. Worse still are commuters that operate mixed fleets, not allowing the maintenance crews to specialize their skills to the degree necessary.

Ask how many planes the commuter operates. More is better. Commuter airlines with 30 or 40 planes tend to have better safety records than those operating only five or six. The larger commuters are also affiliated with majors, which in some cases means nothing but a shared logo, but in others it can involve shared pilot training and operating procedures. It's tough to find out which is which, but if your commuter says it uses part 121 operating procedures, it probably has higher standards.

Ask about FAA inspection results. When was the last time your commuter was fined by the FAA? Was it for something significant, such as operating in adverse weather conditions? If you do find your commuter has a recent history of violations, consider renting a car. You also can query the FAA directly.

Ask your pilot how much flight experience he has. Three hundred hours is bad. Three thousand hours is reasonable. Ten thousand or more is best.

Ask how much general aviation takes place at the airports you're taking off from and landing in. Private planes and air taxis are even more dangerous than commuters. Since those who fly in private planes are generally more aware of the risks involved than commuter passengers, this might not seem that big a problem. Except when they smash into commuters. Big airports, serving big airlines, usually bar general aviation. Little airports can't do that and stay in business. If you can, avoid airports with heavy general aviation traffic.

Ask how the weather is at the airport you're going to. The regulations are already fairly strict when it comes to operating in bad weather, but some commuters ignore the regulations. Author John Nance found that the crash of a Downeast Airlines plane was largely attributable to the airline's owner pushing pilots to fly in bad weather. When it comes to weather, trust your instincts. Most of the time you'll be wrong, but you only have to be right once to make it all worthwhile. Got all that George? See you in Homer. □

WHO'S WHO

When **George Bush** chastised **Michael Dukakis** for making fun of the name **J. Danforth Quayle**, he must have forgotten the way he pronounced the name of **Pierre du Pont** when du Pont was one of his opponents for the Republican nomination. . . .

Quayle was not the only important personnel choice Bush made hastily and without consultation. There's **Frederic V. Malek**, the former Nixon aide whose penchant for passing the other cars in line was cited here a couple of months ago. Bush ran into Malek at a cocktail party and out of nowhere asked him to manage the Republican convention and play a leading role in the campaign. He did not check Malek's background, with the result that he did not find out until too late about Malek's infamous investigation into the number of Jews at the Bureau of Labor Statistics when he worked for Nixon. After **Bob Woodward** printed the BLS story in *The Washington Post*, Malek was forced to leave the Bush campaign. . . .

In our relentless pursuit of the inside skinny, we are offering a three-year subscription to the first person who will tell us who put Dukakis in that tank. Among the governor's advisers, there is understandable shyness about claiming this honor. Our best information is that **John Sasso** was the guilty party. And who slipped the Duke that story about the boy who wouldn't play baseball because his family didn't have health insurance? It seems to have been part of the effort to make Dukakis seem human, but it ended up an embarrassing case of not having his facts straight in one of the two debates that could be crucial to his candidacy. . . .

Joseph C. Wright Jr., the new director of the Office of Management and Budget, has been in "Who's Who" before. It was when we reported that while serving as deputy director of OMB, he called officials at the Department of Energy to set up a meeting to "discuss" a $16 million government fine against the Anchor Gasoline Company. Wright owned $250,000 in Anchor stock, and his father was president of the company. Since OMB has extensive power over both the budget and the regulations of the Department of Energy, it seemed to us this action should have resulted in at least a serous reprimand for Wright. Instead, his boss, **James C. Miller**, said, "You retain my complete confidence," and now Wright has been rewarded with a promotion to the directorship. . . .

In—*White House:* Director, Office of Management and Budget—**Joseph R. Wright Jr.** *Agencies and Commissions:* Member, Securities and Exchange Commission—**Mary L. Schapiro.**

Out—*White House:* Director, Office of Management and Budget—**James C. Miller III.** *Education:* General Counsel—**Wendell L. Willkie II.** *State:* Assistant Administrator, Agency for International Development—**Julia Chang Bloch.** *Agencies and Commissions:* Member, Securities and Exchange Commission—**Aulana L. Peters.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About Cold Beer, Willing Women, Hazing, Conformity—About Fraternities

ABOUT MEN

by Jason DeParle

If I'd had more sense I would have walked away from the motel room where we bound, gagged, and pummeled our captive while stuffing him into a pair of red panties. But I was young and malleable. And he kind of had it coming.

A man in red panties was not what I'd had in mind a few months earlier, in the beginning of 1979, when I pledged my honor to the Duke University fraternity of Delta Tau Delta. Visions of a *woman* in red panties might have been part of the draw. But most of the allure consisted of simpler seductions: I needed a place to live, I wanted a group of friends, and I liked the parties. I liked the hey-ey hey-ey rhythms of the song, "Shout!" I liked being on the floor in mid-gator, a preppy version of slam-dancing. And I must have liked being drunk and high, since I spent a lot of time that way. What was college, after all, without revelry?

This fall promises to be another record-setting rush season. Fifteen years ago, the Greek life seemed poised on the edge of extinction, a cultural relic like lavalieres and saddle shoes. By 1972 fraternity membership had fallen to an all-time low of 151,000; now, with more than 400,000 members, college fraternities dominate more campuses than ever.

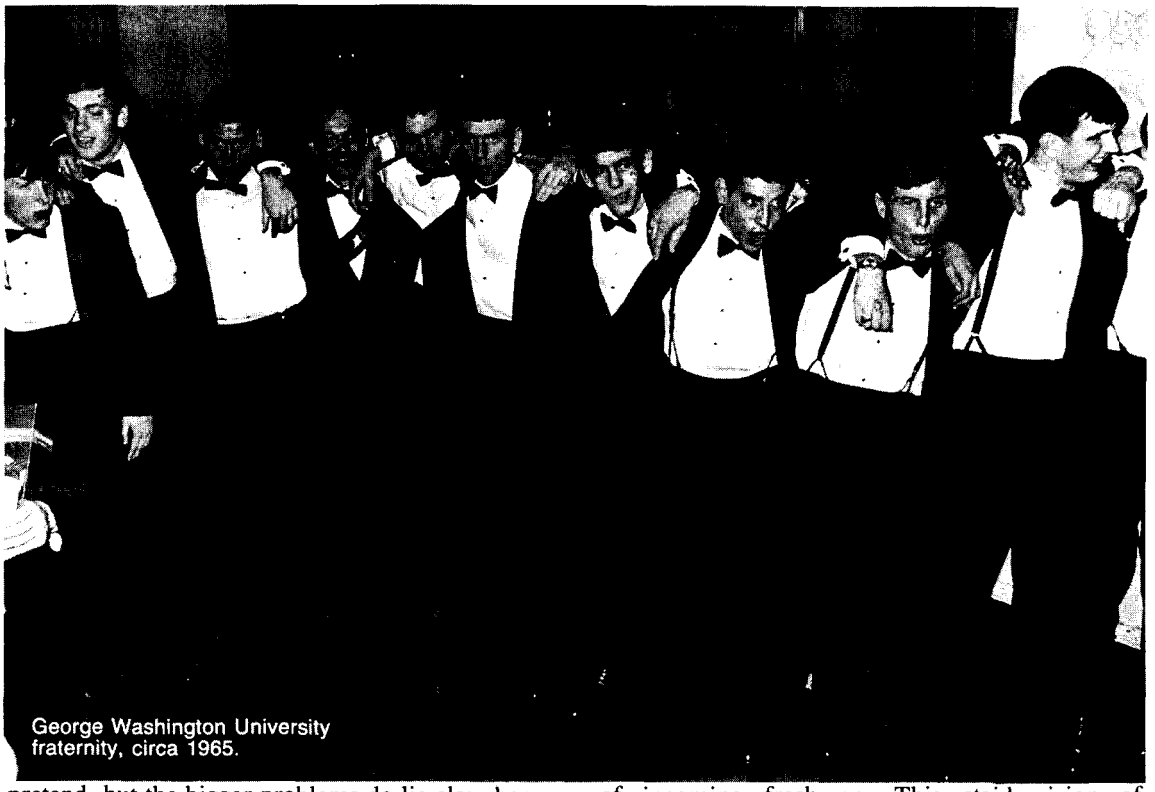
Jason DeParle is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

A former national president of Delta Tau Delta told me he thinks the fraternal resurgence reflects a yearning for "rather old-fashioned Christian morality." If my experiences offer any gauge, that's one explanation we can safely rule out. More convincing are theories that emphasize the chance to make connections, pad resumes, and secure liquor. With the drinking age now 21 in most states, frat houses are often the last sure source of booze. They've become the speakeasies of the eighties.

As fraternity membership has swollen, so have what are sometimes politely called fraternity "mishaps." In February, an 18-year-old Rutgers pledge choked to death on his vomit after an initiation drinking stunt. Two months later, some pledges at nearby Rider College kidnapped their pledgemaster and drunkenly sped their car into a parked truck. One of them died. In the past ten years alone, hazing incidents have killed about 50 college students and injured countless others: they've been beaten, branded, burned, buried, stabbed, shot, drowned, and frozen, usually while drunk. Fraternities have also notched dozens of gang rapes, including one at Duke during my senior year.

Their defenders protest that these incidents are "isolated." The violence isn't as exceptional as they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



George Washington University fraternity, circa 1965.

pretend, but the bigger problems do lie elsewhere. And not just in drink and drugs. Debauchery, after all, has served a function from ancient Rome to modern Mardi Gras.

More troubling than the inhibitions fraternity life lowers are the ones it raises. The fraternities I knew were a suffocating force, dividing the campus into clans and steeling members' resistance to new people, ideas, aspirations. They offered members an identity, but tyrannized them with it, wed them to it, used it to seal them against outside influence. At an age when people are freest to experiment in thought and action, the fraternities at Duke locked them in a pose. Some groups manage to become greater than the sum of their parts; Delta Tau Delta had an uncanny knack for the opposite.

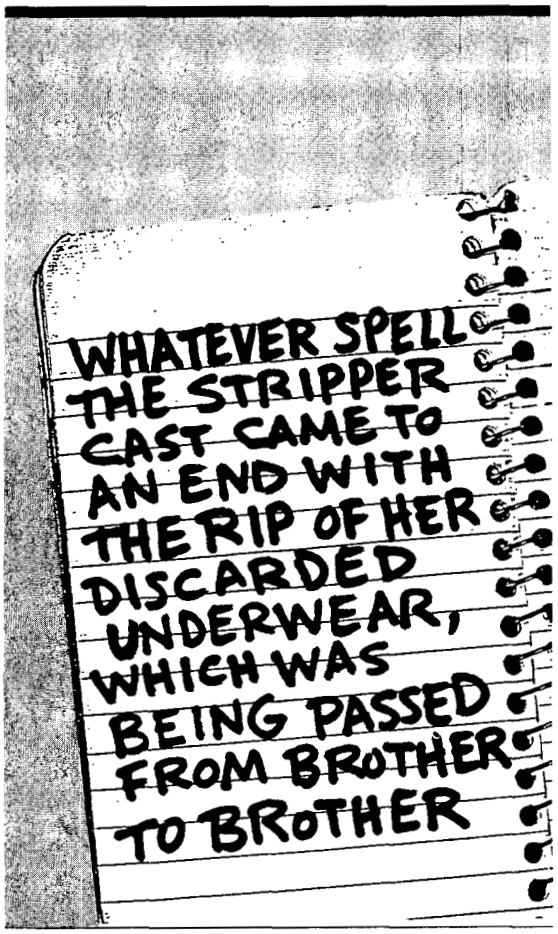
The beau ideal

Animal House made its debut in the summer of 1978, about a month before I left for college, and like most of my high school friends I saw it a few times before leaving. It constituted 90 percent of my knowledge of fraternity life. The other tenth came from one of the summer barbecues fraternity alumni throw, particularly in the South, for the right kind of incoming freshman. This staid vision of businessmen, blazers, and suburban lawns held about as much allure as the Young Republicans. But *Animal House* was inspirational. After 18 years at home, the film's bacchanalian antics fit our fantasies: oceans of beer; loud music; sweating, willing women.

Though it didn't consciously register, the film had a more subtle appeal too. It offered a vision not only of rebellion but also of reassurance, when both were needed. When John Belushi first appears as brother Bluto, he is staggeringly drunk and absent-mindedly pissing on his prospective brothers' shoes. By the end, he is on his way to becoming United States Senator John Blutarsky. "My characters say it's okay to screw up," Belushi explained at the time. For 18-year-olds ready to rip and roar, this was a wonderfully welcome notion. Though college students had mastered coarse revelries long before *Animal House*, the film lent the pursuit new elan. At Duke, a fraternity-led food fight in the Bluto tradition closed down the dining hall for a week of repairs.

Though some schools shrink the rush season into a few weeks, a frenzied pace to pick blood brothers, Duke gives it a whole semester. I was later to look

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



back and wonder, with all that time to come to my senses, how I was borne off into the riptide. But the answers are those that most fraternity-joiners offer.

I needed the housing. Duke fraternities were based in dorms, not off-campus houses, and they controlled the choicest buildings. To remain independent was to face likely banishment to a room on the old women's campus, two miles from the action.

I liked the parties. Most of them took place in a darkened chapter room, with broken couches pushed aside to clear a beer-sogged dance floor. They were louder, later, and wilder than anything I'd known. I don't remember if anyone wore a toga, but the songs, dances, and excitement had that *Animal House* feel. This is it, I thought, the real thing. Given their numbers, fraternities also seemed like the *only* thing. Just about half the campus was Greek, but to my freshman eye the other half, scattered and less howling, seemed invisible.

I liked the pageantry. In its traditional forms, this spirit took shape in items like homecoming floats, which, sappy as it sounds, can be a grand sight on a leaf-blown October day. Less grand, but probably more appealing, was a Delt ritual called the Charge of the Hill. The fraternity opened onto a patio that faced a steep, 25-yard slope to the street. Each spring, the brothers would wet the hill into rivers of mud, place a keg on the patio, and sturdy themselves to defend it against a charge of advancing pledges. There were few prohibitions on what could be slung during the ensuing free-for-all. A diversion column would throw smoke bombs or buckets of beer from the roof. Unhappy solutions of egg yolks, vaseline, and month-old yogurt would be freely applied. The result, a few minutes later, was a tangle of 50 drunken and unsightly people. This may not be the highest manifestation of the human spirit, but among the lesser ones it was awfully fun. Yale, a campus with few frats, had its own variation until a few years ago, called "bladderball," that drew hundreds of participants.

The Delts offered subtler attractions too. I left a high school class of 150 and entered a college class of about 1,500; some universities have classes five or six times that size. For me, as for freshmen elsewhere, the fraternity offered a sense of belonging. It gave me a lunch table to sit at. It gave me a seat in the basketball bleachers surrounded by people I knew. The ten-cent word for that is community, and most of us yearn for it. Without the Delts, Duke seemed much larger, more imposing, anonymous. During my first two basketball seasons, as part of the fraternity, I never missed a home game. Duke basketball offered a thrilling mix of theater, sport, and spectacle. During my last two years, after leaving the frat, I attended only one game and left feeling lost and lonely in the crowd.

And the Delts weren't just any group; they arguably had more social cache than any other group on campus. They were rich, smart, and smooth. Guys who lived together would turn to each other and call, "Hey rooms," in a breezy manner that impressed me with its college-man confidence and intimations of closeness. Behind the beer parties and Topsiders lurked the shimmering image of the fraternity beau ideal: a knit group of people called brothers.

This sort of bonding has come in for ridicule recently in reference to George Bush's membership in Skull and Bones. As models for community, secret societies have no shortage of flaws. But whatever their elitist, exclusive origin, I have to confess seeing something attractive in the endurance and intimacy of Bush's secret society ties. *The Washington Post* recently told the story of a 1985 dinner party where Bush, then at a political low, retired to the library with four Skull and Bones classmates, in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluding a former longtime Democratic congressman, and unburdened himself with unusual candor and trust. Adult life poses all kinds of barriers to that kind of sustained closeness, particularly public life and particularly for men. Deltdom, like other fraternities, hinted at such ties.

Moreover, it attracted a lot of women. In high school, I had found greater success in grades than in girls. If the Delts had lapsed into the poor judgment of courting me, who was I to argue? College gives people the chance to remake their identities in lots of ways. The Delts gave me a chance to momentarily picture myself as a man of many blondes.

The downside of this rise in social status is called snobbery, and I wasn't immune to its lures. Fraternity life didn't force me into being a snob, just as it didn't force me to drink too much at parties, voice a false indifference to classes, or adopt any other fraternity pose. But it did gently channel me in that direction. As my self-image swelled, it made me more conscious of image in general, more finely attuned to the nuance of campus association. I was quick at distinguishing between guys who were "Delt material" and those to be dismissed as "fish." The woman I'd begun dating my first semester had an appetite for tie-dye while I was increasing my holdings of oxford cloth. By the end of my freshman year, the relationship hit the rocks.

Blue notes and Trojans

The semester's winnowing ended shortly after Christmas in a hotel ballroom in Durham. This was the night of the "shake-up" parties, where bids were to be extended at last. It seemed unlikely that they would ask me to the party if I hadn't made the cut, but nothing was assured. The Delts were a "one-ball" fraternity, meaning any brother's blackballing dissent could keep you out. Around midnight, members of the fraternal order disappeared into an anteroom and dispatched a somber representative to fetch me. The scene was grim. The jacketed brothers stared awkwardly at the floor. "As you know," the rush chairman began in apologetic tones, "it requires a unanimous vote. . . ." Someone mumbled how sorry he was.

The gag successfully completed, they marched me back to the ballroom and tossed me toward the ceiling, while letting loose a hullabaloo chant. Like much about fraternity life, it is etched, inexplicably clear, in my memory:

"If you really want to know what succeeds and what fails in the American way of doing business,

put down Lee Iacocca's *Talking Straight* and Donald Trump's *The Art of the Deal* and pick up a copy of John P. Hoerr's *And the Wolf Finally Came.*"

—Jonathan Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times*

"A remarkable piece of reporting and writing."
—David Ignatius, *The Washington Monthly*

"A deeply moving account . . . of the most spectacular industrial collapse of modern times."
—Donald L. Miller, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

"No one interested in revitalizing this country's industrial greatness can afford to miss this extraordinary volume."
—A. H. Raskin, Retired Chief Labor Writer, *The New York Times*

736 pp., photos, $14.95 paperback

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS

c/o CUP Services, P.O. Box 6525, Ithaca, NY 14851 • Order toll free 800-666-2211

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're from Nairobi
Our team is a good one
We play the Watusi
They're seven feet tall
The cannibals may eat us
But they'll never beat us
Cause we're from Nairobi
And we're on the ball
Umgawa, umgawa, umgawa, umgawa
Umgawa, umgawa, umgawa,
Umgawa, umgawa, umgawa, umgawa
Umgawa, umgawa, umgawa
Black as sin
Weaned on gin
We're the boys who're bound to win
Naaiii-ro-biii!!

The origin of these poetics remains obscure, and the racial implications registered only faintly. I doubt I knew where Nairobi was and certainly had no idea who the Watusi were. I probably did know that one of the brothers was called "the dumbest white man on earth," and I later learned that another had been denounced for his plan to bring a black date to a party. But at the time I was happy enough to be bobbing skyward in a crowd of well-wishers. From there on, fraternity life went straight downhill.

The next time I saw my new brothers, a few nights later, we were assembled in a classroom for the first of our weekly pledge meetings. "Air raid!!" someone screamed. "On your backs you shit-sucking morons!" Responding to these heated exhortations, the 15 or so of us pledges lay on the floor making rat-a-tat-tat sounds while firing our anti-air guns at the imaginary enemy. "They're gone you shitheads. Get up! Give me twenty." Down we dropped for push-ups. "Get that smile off your face, pledge. Is something funny?" This pseudo-military introduction carried on for a half-hour or so until the brothers departed in a wake of beer cans and insults.

Like much fraternity life, this scene seemed scripted, and I didn't pay it great attention until a few days later when I ran across the member of the fraternity I had liked best, a soft-spoken junior whose sincerity had set him apart from the rowdy

by Greg Belanger

Chuck and His Brothers

I've never gotten over the fact that Chuck didn't tell me he planned to join a frat. After all, we had grown up together, spending our summers clamming in open skiffs on Long Island's Great South Bay. We were childhood friends. It's the kind of decision friends typically sweat through together.

Chuck enrolled at Alfred University in 1978 during my junior year, after taking time off to work and travel. In the first weeks of school, we fell into the habit of meeting in the union pub. We would stand at the end of the bar and talk about friends back home, the boats, the price of clams. But my thoughts were a long way from the bay and outboard motor oil. And Chuck sensed it. An awkwardness crept into our meetings. Chuck was struggling to make the transition to college life, one few find easy.

I made some fitful attempts to bring him into my world of history majors and left-leaning political activists, but more and more I'd see Chuck with the Greek crowd. About half the male students belong to one of the five fraternities. I knew some of them and they knew me. But Alfred is a small, rural campus and the Greek and non-Greek world divides social life. From the day I was shoved over a porch railing for flirting with a brother's girlfriend at a rush party, I had chosen sides. I was no more comfortable joining the Greeks around a table full of beers than Chuck was sitting with my friends.

Just two days before he died I saw him in the pub. Sensing the boundaries as much as I, Chuck got up from a table of fraternity brothers and joined me, leaning on his elbows with his back to the bar, his wiry, six-foot frame tilting on his heels like a shovel against a barn wall.

"So what are your plans for school, Chuck?" I asked and lifted a beer.

As if he were prepared for the question, Chuck explained he had decided to major in history like me. I saw his reply as a signal that he too was looking for new common ground. Within minutes I had him in my adviser's office filling in the paperwork.

As we bounded down the worn oak stairs of the history building, I felt we had closed a gap between us. We headed back to the pub. I ordered more beer to celebrate. But as I carried on, recommending classes to take and professors to avoid, Chuck's eyes kept glancing back toward the Greeks. Soon I stopped talking. Chuck said nothing. I found myself rolling a cigarette butt back and forth under my foot, staring down on the beer-soaked carpet. Before long Chuck returned to his friends at the table and I left.

Greg Belanger is a reporter for the New Haven Register.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crowd. His assurances had soothed some of the doubts I'd brought to fraternity life; our friendship had seemed a model of what frat bonds could be. But when I said hello, he sneered back, "Hey pledge," and walked away. The betrayal stung. Could this pledge stuff be for real?

By archival accident, my pledge book has survived and serves as an instructive reminder of fraternity life. Each page contains a brother's name, home town, major, graduation date, and girlfriend, an assemblage of facts we pressed into memory and one collectively referred to as a brother's "shit." "Know my shit," a number of them admonished me.

Each page also contained a task or two. Some were quaintly chivalrous. "Make a very nice Valentine's Day card for my sister Mary and have all the pledges sign it," one brother asked. A few invited me to dinner. Another said "grovel at the wheels of my car." The official Delta Tau Delta motto—recently "declassified," the past president said, so it's okay to share it with you—is: "To labor for the beautiful and the good." Some of the other suggested labors:

"Butt fuck a quad dog," ordered one brother, now a rising star in academic medicine.

"Go buy a pack of Trojans," ordered another, "present them to my roommate with a short essay explaining their use, how to put them on, and give a short demonstration and explain why he doesn't need them."

These were some of the best kind of assignments, since unlike "shampoo my rug" you didn't really have to do them. You just had to engage in a semester of witty repartee concerning the delay. But the brother who told me to "come by, get high, and be mellow" expected me to show. So did the brothers who, on several occasions, had me drink 12 beers in two hours. So, too, did the brothers who had me take a bong hit for each of the dozen or so verses of a Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes song while memorizing it. Other pledge tasks involved unearthing jewels of Delt lore, like guessing which sorority girl was involved in the Case of the Missing Skirt and identifying the brother caught masturbating with a water massage.

Two days later, Chuck climbed into a car trunk during a fraternity hazing. His brothers-to-be locked him inside with two other pledges and a fifth of liquor, a six-pack of beer, and a bottle of wine. They were told to drink it while the brothers took a joy ride. When they opened the trunk about 40 minutes later, "Chuck was out of it," as one brother said. He died sometime later that night.

I learned later that Chuck had been struggling with the decision to pledge the Klan Alpine fraternity that very day in the pub. A roommate said that the frat brothers had been pushing him hard to join, but he was anxious about the hazing and remained undecided until shortly before he climbed in that trunk. As unbelievable as it seems now, it never occurred to me that Chuck would actually pledge.

Had we talked, maybe I would have told him of my experiences as a resident adviser in a freshman dorm, where I spent hours counseling the guys on my floor. The decision of pledging tore roommates apart from each other. It was the single biggest counseling problem I had. But none of that compared with Hell Week. The nightly ritual began about 10 p.m. when the brothers would storm the halls, pounding the doors with baseball bats and whisking away dazed freshmen for a night of hazing that often involved heavy drinking. In the morning, I'd roll the stragglers to their rooms after they had spent a few hours resting their faces on a toilet seat, emptying their stomachs.

Saturday, I woke in the middle of the night to someone screaming my name from the bathroom across the hall. In a shower, I found three pledges leaning against the tile walls. Four shower heads blasted a stream of water over a fourth pledge, lying across the drain. His body was blue and motionless. He had thrown up and choked on his own vomit. His buddies were too drunk to help. I cleared his throat, and a friend blew a few shots of air into his lungs. He began breathing easily.

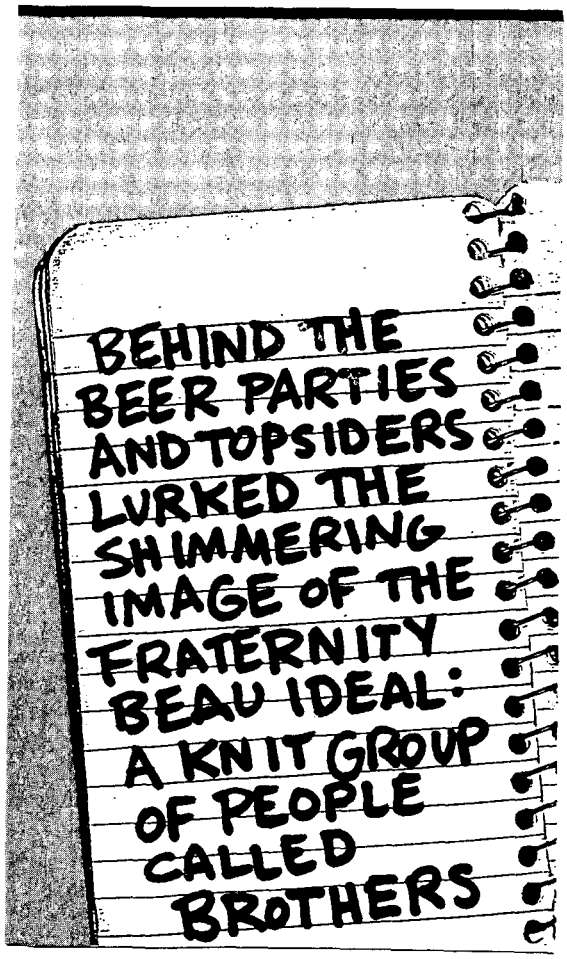
In the eerie silence that followed, the pledges pleaded with me not to report the incident, saying it might hurt their chances of joining the frat. In the context of that horrible week, the incident didn't seem much crazier than what I had already seen. In one of the worst decisions of my life, I agreed to say nothing and returned to bed.

Chuck never knew that story. When his brothers pulled him from the trunk of that car they too threw him in a shower to wake him. But he never came to, and like the socked freshman on the shower floor, he choked on his own vomit. There was no one around that night sober enough to help.

Many young men enjoy the kind of close friendship Chuck and I had growing up. But when they leave for college they most often do it alone, without those childhood friends and that sense of shared experience. In Chuck's case, the loneliness and loss was compounded when he joined me at school and found I had changed in ways he couldn't understand. And so he turned to the fraternity.

I understand the attraction now, in a way I didn't when I chose sides then. I only wish that I could have talked it out with Chuck. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Like pages from Studs Terkel, these excerpts capture the obsessions of the age: drink, drugs, and sexual bravado, beneath a Ray-Banned patina of cool. "At a future party, I will ask you why The Cars are soooo cooool," wrote one keeper of the Delt mystique. "You will answer in a witty and clever manner that will impress all the girls hanging around me." The apparent answer, though neither witty nor clever, is etched on the back page and won the necessary signature on my paddle: "The Cars are sooo coool because they strip society of pretension and release the base instincts of man and woman. They are also sooo cooool because when they play around Rob the girls want and crave his body."

While part of pledging involved passing down the old legends—like the story of the brother aptly known as "Stay High"—much of the semester was devoted to creating new ones. The winter began with a "smoker," a boys-only affair behind closed rec-room doors, where a Raleigh stripper performed for our closeted delight. Whatever spell she might have cast through the cigar clouds and jeers came to an end with the rip of her discarded underwear, which was being bounced from brother to brother. She stopped the act and cussed herself blue, egged on by cries of "slut." Delt motto aside, 50 drunk young men and an angry naked woman was neither beautiful nor good. The fraternity's indignant refusal to pay for the torn lingerie underwent a reversal at the suggestion of her bodyguard, who, the rumor sweeping the room said, had a gun.

A month or so later, the seniors held their annual Hundred Days Party to celebrate the countdown to graduation. Following custom, they locked themselves in the chapter room with a keg. But it emerged before they did—through the wall. Given the thickness of the plaster, this involved some determined battering.

At the weekly Sunday night meetings, an award might be offered to a member who had pushed insobriety to a new extreme. One memorable recipient had passed out on the toilet and awoke on a mat of his excrement and vomit. The perpetrator of an unusually perverse sexual feat received something called the Hinge Award. One winner had picked up a woman who was having her period and who decorated his roommate's sheets in blood. The Hinge Award notwithstanding, I suspect much of the sexual boasting masked an unmet yearning. "Make a list of pledge virgins with appropriate names and post it," one brother wrote in my pledge book. This, of course, was impossible—virginity would have been the one truly inviolable secret—but a chronicle of sexual *in*experience would probably not have been a terse document.

I can't say that I recoiled from these venal pursuits and left to seek the life of the mind. Were the objectionable qualities of fraternity life just its *Animal House* antics, I would likely have lasted a good bit longer. My discontent was sown in a different strain: hazing.

A lipsticked sahib

As hazing histories go, our exploits were mostly mild. No one froze to death on a winter's night while locked in a car trunk swilling whiskey [see sidebar]. Unlike the account Willie Morris presents in *North Toward Home* of his hazing at the University of Texas in the late 1950s, I was never pelted with eggs or covered with molasses and corn flakes. (Three years ago, a similar stunt, again at UT, sent nine pledges to the hospital, where two had emergency surgery. Most still joined the fraternity, and one pledge explained that the experience "helped bring the whole class together.") One Delt pledge did wind up in the hospital with a mild case of exposure on Hell Night,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after marching through a mud pond, chugging warm beer, and jogging three miles. A few years later, the same Hell Night routine sent another pledge to the hospital for knee surgery.

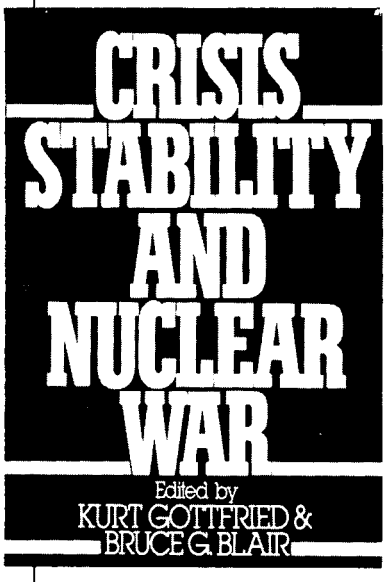
Outside of Hell Night, pondings were the mainstay of Delt hazing. The Duke campus is blessed with lovely gardens. The gardens are blessed with a pond. Delt pledges were blessed with being heaved in it whenever there were enough brothers on hand to drag them off. And vice versa. (Cease-fires were called on the coldest days.) The purpose, we were told, was to build brotherhood: the threat of being hauled away encouraged you to move in packs. At best, this was tiresome. It meant a semester of sneaking around campus like a Baghdad thief, scouting the quad before emerging from the library. Given that pledging occurs every other semester, this fills fully one-half of a Delt's college career with the worry of abduction. That alone is reason enough to quit.

At worst, the pondings produced the exact opposite of the spirit they intended. Tempers flared. Punches landed. Our attempts to pond one brother sent him to the emergency room for stitches on a cut above his eye. As the semester progressed, so did the frustration of the ponded, and the clashes grew increasingly physical.

So did the weekly pledge meetings, where the number of requisite push-ups was growing. One evening a pledge entered the chapter room without making the mandatory D-T-D sign above his head; a brother slammed him into a wall. "Get out there and do it again, pledge," he said. I was at an off-campus party that semester with my tie-dyed friend when an unusually nerdy Delt, a future neurosurgeon, demanded that I join him in a chug contest. I won. "Pledge," he said, pouring a beer on my head.

The humiliations of hazing are said to build bonds, forge a collective identity. The theory goes like this: If you and 12 buddies have had cornflakes stuck to your crotch and ducks defecate in your hair, *and only you and your 12 buddies*, then it gives you something in common. This is true, of course. But one suspects there are better ways to share experiences—like starting a soup kitchen or going on a camping trip. Duke offered a student-run wilderness course that, like Outward Bound, offered challenges and bonded its participants with rituals like ropes courses and trust falls, rather than humiliation. For all the talk of togetherness, fraternity hazing is probably at least as divisive as it is uniting. I doubt my pledgemate

"A brilliant synthesis of science, history, and military experience." **—Robert S. McNamara***



This volume—the result of a study sponsored by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and Cornell University's Peace Studies Program—examines the role of crisis as a precursor to nuclear war and the extent to which the superpowers' command organizations could maintain control over such a chain of events.

"Bombers and missile systems dominate the debate on nuclear forces, but the greatest uncertainties rest with the command of those forces. *Crisis Stability and Nuclear War* makes an outstanding contribution to an understanding of the latter." **—General David C. Jones, U.S. Air Force, Retired**

"The risk that East and West, with their arsenals of 50,000 nuclear warheads, can blunder into nuclear war, leading to destruction of our civilization, is to me unacceptably large. This book...is a lucid guide to measures we can take to reduce that risk."*

368 pp.; 16 figures
paper $10.95

At better bookstores or directly from
OXFORD PAPERBACKS
Oxford University Press
200 Madison Avenue • New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had too many brotherly feelings about being slammed into a wall. I certainly was not eager to embrace as a brother the jerk who threw beer on me in front of my girlfriend. Those resentments don't disappear when a pledge pin comes off.

The truer appeal to hazing may simply be that it gives you a chance to dump on someone with immunity. Where else, outside of fraternity life, could the neurosurgeon pretend he's Conrad Dobler? There's a little bit of punk in most of us that delights in the powerlessness of others, and hazing sets it free—too free by the witness of various coroners' reports. Hazing doesn't just offer immunity from retaliation; it offers immunity from self, too, from conscience. The hazer can think, "I'm not really doing this; the group is." The film *Fraternity Row*, which appeared a year before *Animal House* and which got none of the recognition it deserved, masterfully depicts the dynamics of hazing. A reformer pledgemaster wants to ban it, citing the ugly aftertaste. "The stuff Preston pulled divides us still," he pleads with his brothers. No one denies that Preston, their former tormentor, was a creep. But now it's their turn, and the chance to pelt the pledges is just too tempting.

As for the Delts, it wasn't the physical rigors of pledging that took their toll as much as the emotional ones. The semester-long worries about ponding grew wearying, as did the fact that no one questioned its purpose. Was there something wrong with me for not enjoying this? And the rules of this strange game always seemed to be changing. Did he really want me to grovel at the wheels of his car? Was there more ridicule involved in doing it, or in taking a semester's grief for not yet having done it? Alone, a brother might share a pleasant meal. But when two more showed up, the taunts and orders would begin. Lighten up, pledge. Wipe that smile off your face, pledge. With the ground rules always shifting, the most dangerous emotion of all was trust. I began approaching brothers as a servant might approach a sahib—best face forward, true self at safe reserve. It wasn't much of a way to build a community.

It was after a semester of these accumulating resentments that we rose to meet The Challenge. This ritual was a centerpiece of pledging. Each year, the Delt sophomores would dub their brawniest or most surly member as The Challenge and egg him on to make pledge life as miserable as he could. The pledges in turn bore a responsibility to embarrass him, as completely and as publicly as possible. One year the pledges decked the campus with fliers nominating The Challenge as head of the Duke Gay Alliance.

To his credit, our Challenge had a feel for theatrics. He entered the pledge meeting in a black leather jacket and shades, flanked by like-looking bodyguards, and spat his curses without cracking a smile. The very sight of us made him sick, he said. We were pussies. He was going to kick our asses. But one of the dangers of fraternity life is this: If you spend enough time pretending to be something, eventually you become it. If you spend enough time imitating Bluto, you become a derelict. In The Challenge's case, having spent a semester playing the role of a bully—demanding push-ups, shoving people into walls, snarling—he'd become one. And he'd convinced himself of his formidable toughness.

Until we kidnapped him. I wasn't around during the actual abduction but caught up a few hours later in a Chapel Hill motel room. The Challenge was bound to a chair. His mouth was sealed with duct tape. Someone had been to the K-Mart and returned with the red panties and other lacy frills that would be his only cover when he was deposited that evening, lipsticked, at a sorority formal.

The Challenge wasn't taking this too well. He opened a cold sweat. He begged for a joint. He strained and kicked when we began to strip him. That was a mistake, since it gave a few pledges an excuse to repay the semester's frustration by hauling off and slugging him. Someone else ripped the duct tape from his face in a clean pull that promised to take part of his cheek.

Throughout pledging, the line between the staged and the real was a thin one. The push-ups sometimes seemed farcical, a parody of fraternity life to be performed with smirks; on other occasions the servility and abuse seemed real. Here in the motel room, the theatrics of pledging disappeared altogether: The Challenge, eyes bulging, was feeling real panic. He was absorbing real punches. The year that had begun like *Animal House* was ending more like *Lord of the Flies*. I recall saying something airily conciliatory, like a reminder that we were all supposed to be brothers. I was told to go fuck off.

Stylish crooners

The Challenge survived but my fraternal enthusiasms didn't. We dumped him at the dance and hid out for the rest of the weekend to avoid revenge-minded brothers. A few weeks later we negotiated the Hell Night routine, wading through the mud, drinking the warm beer, running three miles, and trying, with mixed success, not to puke. Still caked with dried sweat and mud, we spent a few hours blindfolded in the chapter room as howling brothers imitated the sounds of pledges being paddled. Our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Holiday Season, Give Them The World

The Washington Monthly

Yes, I want to give *The Washington Monthly*. I am enclosing $20 for the first one-year gift subscription, and $15 for each additional gift subscription.

☐ Extend my subscription for one year for $24.

☐ $ _____ enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS:

1 **$20**
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____
Gift card message _____

2 **$15**
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____
Gift card message _____

3 **$15**
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____
Gift card message _____

78N50H

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY 1611 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dinner came at about 3 a.m.: a jar of peanut butter, a loaf of bread, and no utensils. At dawn we were sent home to shower, and we returned to be blindfolded again and indoctrinated as brothers. Final exams arrived soon after, and the semester came at last to its merciful close.

Throughout the semester, I had toyed with the idea of leaving. I broached the subject a few times in earnest conversation with the pledgemaster, our liaison to the rest of the brothers. I was still running the arguments through my mind an hour before the initiation as I scrubbed away the peanut butter and mud. Frat life had its gremlins, but I saw no alternative—no housing, no campus niche.

When we started up again in the fall, the music and the beer were the same, but the routine had lost its magic. From outside, the fraternity had offered a romantic vision—of friendship, abandon, panache. Pledging was meant as the oven that would forge the necessary bonds, welding us to each other and to the received Delt culture. But instead, it had unmasked something herd-like, brutish. I made a few beer-soaked attempts to recapture the vision, and a few months later I resigned.

My college career survived. The nonfraternity niches at Duke proved larger, more interesting, and more accommodating than my freshman mind had grasped. Still, I carried a sense of apostasy with me. The emotions of exile are complicated, even when the exile is self-imposed. I felt superior, betrayed, guilty. Campus encounters with my former brothers quickened those feelings, and I avoided them as much as I could.

The real problem with fraternity life, I had slowly discovered, wasn't beer or bong hits, or even push-ups or pondings. It was posing. Faced as a freshman with the many threats of college life—Can I get a date? Can I find my way across campus? Can I pass the final exam?—I was taken in by the what-me-worry smoothness of the Delt men who confidently crooned "Hey rooms" to each other. This is a stylish feigning appropriate to, say, a second-semester freshman, certain by now that he can in fact get a date and pass the exam and ready to preen a bit over these powers.

The peer pressures of the fraternity discouraged this suave affect from developing into anything more earnest or thoughtful. When the Ku Klux Klan in Greensboro murdered five local radicals, most of them former Duke students or workers, an open-mike rally took place on the quad; a fraternity heckled it. When President Carter called for draft registration my sophomore year, the Delts threw a G.I. Joe party, running around the halls with plastic guns.

Perhaps the Hinge Awards and Umgawa chants did their job too well. They forged a collective identity but lessened the chance of individual divergence from it. Fraternity traditions ensure continuity. They make sure this year's pledge class learns to act like last year's. The college swirl of new people, ideas, behavior—of change—becomes a threat. Black date at a party? No way. Political rally on the quad? No way. Draft registration? Naaiii-ro-biii!!

Willie Morris's description of his fraternity 30 years ago holds true as well for mine: "Some excellent men were involved in this debilitating preoccupation. . . .they were far better as individuals than the organization to which they gave their allegiance. . . .At its worst this system could be cruel and despicably smug; at its best it was merely an easy substitute for more intelligent and mature forms of energy."

Whenever three or more brothers gathered, conversation turned to liquor, drugs, women, or sports. Lots of dining-table talk focused on grades; hardly any focused on classes. The ideal was to ace a test without going to class, without studying—without learning. A few Delts had the kind of personalities that allowed them to dabble in fraternity life as one identity among many. One spent his junior year organizing a bioethics conference; for him, the Delts were just one part of a campus experience, and they didn't arrest other interests. But for most people, group pressures were too strong to resist, and group identity took hold. Brotherhood became a restrictive force, setting limits on what could be thought, challenged, or dared on campus. It was finally a form of impoverishment.

These Delta Tau Deltas are the kind that poobahs at the national headquarters point to with pride. They are doctors, lawyers, bond traders, and stock brokers. A few wound up as engineers in Saudi Arabia. The Challenge owns a factory in the Caribbean and imports computer components. (One of the few not in business, medicine, or law became, of all things, an opera singer.) I called a few of them recently, wondering how the experience appeared in retrospect. All had fond memories of the camaraderie, but, interestingly, most acknowledged the limits it had set. "It had a tendency to be a little isolationistic," said one. "I'm constantly amazed when I look over Duke alumni material," said another. "Ninety-seven percent of the people from my class, I've never heard of. That's how insular it was."

The Challenge, too, regretted the clannishness. He also regretted the Challenge. "It's kind of a useless tradition," he said. "If I had it to do again, I probably wouldn't join a fraternity." □

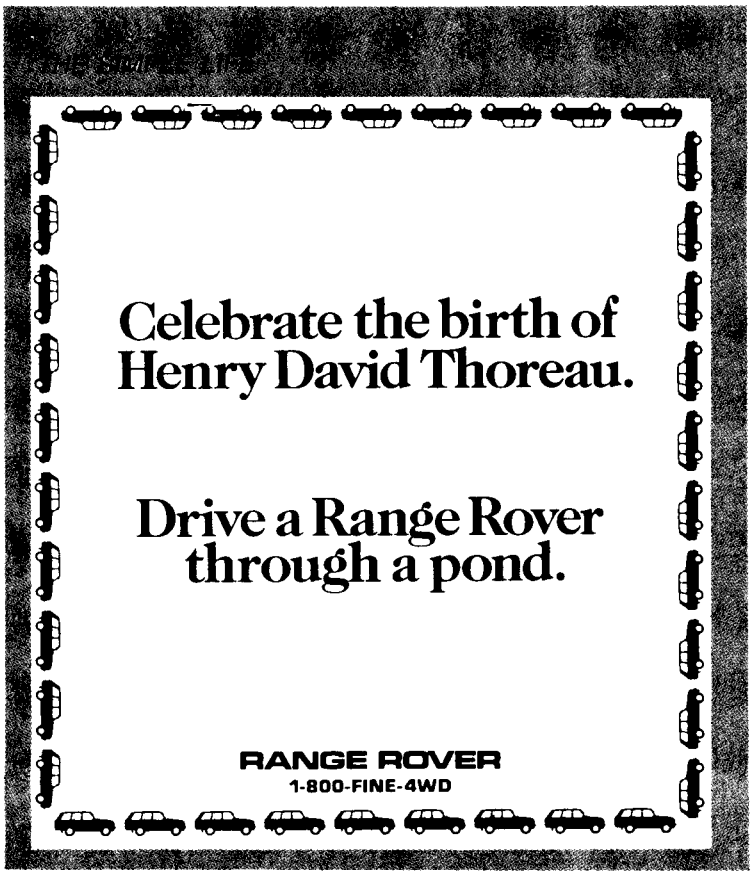
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES

THE OFFICIAL SHOE OF THE DUKAKIS FOR PRESIDENT CAMPAIGN

"I FEEL I COULD BE OF GREATER SERVICE WITH ELLIOTT ABRAMS"
The Village Voice asked Eric Brown, a college Republican who supports aid to the contras, if he would be willing to fight. "Physically, no," he said.

THERE MAY BE A REASON FOR THAT
According to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, Johnny Carson makes fun of Republicans twice as often as he does Democrats.



"SHE ALSO SAID—AND IT'S A LESSON I TAKE TO BED WITH ME EVERY NIGHT—'DON'T FORGET TO FLOSS.'"
"There are a lot of experiences that I've had that have shaped my adult philosophy, but the one that I keep coming back to time and time again, and I talk about it at commencement addresses. I talk about it in the high schools. I talk about it when I visit the job training centers. And it's the advice that my maternal grandmother, Martha Pulliam, who's 97 years old—we are a modern-day, four-generation family—the infor—the advice that she gave me when I was growing up is advice that I've given my children, and I've given to a number of children—a number of people. And it's very simple. It's very common sense. And she says you can do anything you want to if you just set your mind to it and go to work."

—*Dan Quayle*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMO OF THE MONTH

Contra Costa County
Supervisor, Juvenile Hall

To: [redacted] - [redacted]

Date: July 7, 1988

From: N. Maas, Superintendent

Subject: Malicious Mischief

[redacted], it is reported that on June 28, 1988 at approximately 2:45 in the afternoon, you were observed in Room #3, Diablo Unit, Juvenile Hall with a Juvenile Hall sheet tied around your neck in an attempt to hang yourself. It was tied in such a manner that it could not be untied and therefore had to be cut.

Because of the damage to County property, cutting the sheet from your neck, was necessary, Court Action is being requested in which reimbursement in the amount of $5.83 to replace the sheet is expected.

MM/sk

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fight between blacks and Jews and how it affects us all.

Family Feud

by Jonathan Alter

One morning last July I attended a group interview with Jesse Jackson. Toward the end, I asked him why he hadn't condemned the antisemitism of Michael Cokely, an aide to Eugene Sawyer, the mayor of Chicago, who claimed Jewish doctors were injecting the AIDS virus into blacks. (It took weeks before Sawyer finally fired Cokely, amid barely a peep from the black community.) Jackson bristled at the question: "What am I, the designated Negro? I'm not the mayor of Chicago, and it's not my job to intervene in every local problem." I reminded him that Chicago was his home town, and that he in fact intervenes frequently in local problems there and elsewhere. Then someone changed the subject.

Later, I attended a seminar on black-Jewish relations in New York, where the atmosphere was tense and occasionally unpleasant. Afterward, I found myself in a long conversation with Paul Robeson Jr., son of the legendary singer and radical who had been a hero not just to blacks but to many Jewish socialists and communists. Robeson Jr., a teacher and writer, made it clear he has no use for those who long to repair the black-Jewish alliance. He was entirely unapologetic about black antisemitism; it was mindless, perhaps, but entirely natural, given that rich whites mistreat blacks and many Jews are rich. Robeson had written a brave article in *The Amsterdam News*, a black newspaper, criticizing Louis Farrakhan—brave because some Muslims have a history of violence against their critics. But it mostly criticized Farrakhan's attacks on other blacks, not Jews. I left the conversation demoralized.

While Jonathan Kaufman's new book* didn't cheer me up, it did help channel anger into sadness, and that is worth something. He writes that the book was born after a Farrakhan visit to *The Boston Globe*, where black and white reporters who had worked side-by-side for years began shouting at each other. Kaufman's goal was to write something enlightening that avoided scratching the scab. That has its disadvantages. As a Jew, I felt myself at times echoing what I said to Jackson: Aha! That's black racism, and why the hell don't you condemn it more strongly? But on reflection, the book, while even-handed, is not morally equivocal. It is, instead, a model of reportorial dispassion. Dispassion doesn't feel as good as passion—and in most of life it's inadequate—but it can be a useful quality in a book about a sensitive subject.

Broken Alliance places the issue in an informative historical context, then tells the story through five individuals and one family. The case studies are not deep and not exceptionally well-written; the newspaper reporter in Kaufman comes through. But the book is structured so that each story makes important points about the way the relationship between blacks and Jews deteriorated.

One of Kaufman's best points is that the alliance was not really so natural after all. American Jews had only a relatively short tradition of intense support for civil rights. Given their experience in Europe, where they had a justifiable fear of mass protest movements (which were often directed at them), nineteenth-century Jews were reluctant to man the barricades. They were divided, for instance, on the issue of slavery, some siding with the Confederacy. Then came the wave of poor Eastern European immigrants, sometimes derided by their more prosperous German-Jewish predecessors as "kikes." The later immigrants often became socialists, whose philosophical commitment to the working-man led to calls for integration. The rise of the Ku Klux Klan and other hate groups in the early part of the century put blacks and Jews in the same boat. At the same time, Reform Judaism, founded in 1885, included social justice in its creed. By the 1930s, more than a quarter of the black children in the South were educated in schools built by Julius Rosenwald, the founder of Sears. In the sixties, nearly one-half of all white civil rights workers were Jewish, showing a moral commitment and a level of physical courage dramatically out of proportion to their tiny percentage of the American population.

Jonathan Alter is a senior writer at Newsweek *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

**Broken Alliance: The Turbulent Times Between Blacks and Jews in America.* Jonathan Kaufman. *Charles Scribner's Sons, $19.95.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was also surprised to learn how early the strains in the coalition appeared. A riot in Harlem was directed against Jewish merchants in 1935, and James Baldwin began writing perceptively about the complexities of the problem in *Commentary* in 1948. (It was later pointed out that of the five white people with whom a ghetto black came into contact on a daily basis—shopkeeper, landlord, social worker, teacher, and cop, only the cop wasn't Jewish.) Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary* essay, "My Negro Problem—and Ours," which described how many Jews viewed blacks in their neighborhoods as thugs, not victims, appeared in 1963, before the civil rights movement reached fullest bloom (thereby suggesting to me that he is not really a neo-conservative, just a conservative). Crude black antisemitism, in the form of a Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) pamphlet containing Jews with dollar bill signs for eyes, emerged in 1967.

That was perhaps the critical year in this story. The Six Day War forever changed American Jewish attitudes toward Israel; watching the Israelis face annihilation, then fight back to win (reversing hundreds of years of Jewish history), was a central moment even for those with only the barest connections to their heritage. The survival of Israel, once only one of several critical concerns of American Jews, became preeminent. There is a justifable measure of pride here and moral commitment to something larger than their own lives (in that sense, perhaps directly supplanting their commitment to the civil rights movement). But it must also be said that the emergence of Israel as *the* single issue for many American Jews has cramped what used to be the enviable complexity of Jewish vision of national and world affairs. It has also contributed to the fragmentation of American life in the last quarter century, the notion that each interest group or ethnic block is in it alone. Jews don't usually think of themselves as adding to the atomization of America, but they have.

Kaufman misses this, as well as the class dimensions of the story. Israelis moved away from their socialist roots at about the same time that many American Jews did; after 1967 there was parallel social and economic development that sewed the two closer together than they were in, say, 1948. Meanwhile, the New Left—and black leftists in particular—began to identify with the Moslems. Until then, Jews had never experienced antisemitism of the left. By the mid-1970s, it was the most common form of antisemitism in the world.

Unfortunately the analysis of black and Jewish attitudes towards foreign policy is probably the weakest part of the book. At the very end Kaufman hints at the tangle of double-standards and misimpressions that cloud the issue. He travels with a mostly black group of Americans to Israel, where they express outrage to a cabinet minister over Israel's trading relationship with South Africa. The Israeli official pointed out, apparently to the surprise of the inquisitors, that Arab states and black African countries also trade heavily with South Africa. "I understand your point of view, but I am disappointed. I expected more from Israel," replied one of the Americans. If they merely expect "more," then why the venom of anti-Zionism? On the other side, how can Jews be so indifferent to the suffering of the Palestinians, whose condition is less like that of blacks (a common comparison) than it is comparable to Jews in earlier centuries? Kaufman doesn't explore this at all.

He has a better sense of the ironies and double standards closer to home. He describes Ed Koch visiting a Harlem church on Martin Luther King's birthday in 1978. After noting that blacks sat motionless while hecklers yelled, "Send the Jew back to the synagogue," Koch said, "What if Basil Patterson or Andy Young got up and read a proclamation on Warsaw Ghetto Uprising Day and someone in the congregation yelled, 'Send him back to Harlem. Don't let him speak'? Why, there would be

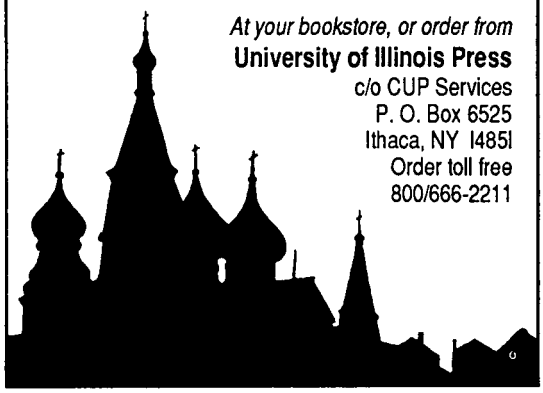
New in paperback!

The Soviet Union

The Incomplete Superpower

Paul Dibb

"The author provides a penetrating, thoughtful, and multifaceted view of Soviet strengths and weaknesses. . . . An important, balanced, and nuanced assessment of Soviet power. It is meticulously researched and thoroughly documented, using both Soviet sources and the leading Western scholarly studies." -- Gordon B. Smith, *Political Science Quarterly*. $12.95.



At your bookstore, or order from

University of Illinois Press

c/o CUP Services
P. O. Box 6525
Ithaca, NY 14851
Order toll free
800/666-2211

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a storm of protest in the synagogue and the community." True enough. And what if, as Kaufman notes in another context, only Cheney (a black civil rights worker), and not Goodman and Schwerner (his Jewish coworkers), had been killed by racists in Philadelphia, Mississippi in 1964? Would there have been a huge manhunt supervised by the president? Of course not.

My own favorite irony recounted by Kaufman involves affirmative action, one of the flashpoints of black-Jewish tensions. Recalling the way quotas excluded them for years from top universities, many Jews oppose such programs. But as Seymour Martin Lipset pointed out several years ago, the main beneficiaries of affirmative action turn out to be not blacks but women—smart Jewish women.

Sullivan's unprinciple

The case studies vary. There's a superficial chapter on Martin Peretz, editor of *The New Republic*, and one on Jack Greenberg, long-time director of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, who was boycotted at Harvard Law School in 1982 because black students believed a white man should not be allowed to teach a class on civil rights, even if he was a pioneer in the field.

The "cooperation" case study features Paul Parks, an older black engineer who has experienced a lifetime of prejudice, alleviated only by the efforts of blacks and Jews working together. At Purdue, in the Army (where he helped liberate death-camps), and in his work in the civil rights movement, he consistently saw Jews as the blacks' best allies, and he says that Martin Luther King (whom he knew well and who relied heavily on Jewish financial backing) felt the same way. The saddest chapter may be "The Last Liberals," which tells the story of Roz and Bernie Ebstein, who were committed to staying on the South Side of Chicago and working in the black community but were finally forced to flee the area's violence.

One especially informative profile is that of Rhody McCoy, the central figure in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school crisis that ripped apart the New York City school system in the late 1960s. McCoy does not turn out to be quite the bogeyman that New York Jews thought at the time. (He is remembered for kicking out the old Jewish teachers in favor of black militants, but many of the substitutes he hired turned out to be Jewish too.) The profile of McCoy points out what may be the central dynamic of black attitudes towards Jews. Whether in Ocean Hill-Brownsville in 1967 or Chicago in 1988, they refuse to denounce black antisemitism because of the fear

PROMETHEUS BOOKS

PERESTROIKA
From Marxism and Bolshevism to Gorbachev
Svetozar Stojanović
A Yugoslav dissident synthesizes philosophy, sociology, political science, and history as he critically analyzes and evaluates Marxism, bolshevism, and contemporary communism.
140 pages • ISBN 0-87975-488-5 • Cloth $23.95

THE MIND OF THE BIBLE-BELIEVER
Edmund D. Cohen
Cohen exposes the powerful but disguised ploys around which the dedicated bible-believer builds his system, and the political implications of the growth of the religious right. A thorough, revealing analysis.
425 pages • ISBN 0-87975-495-8 • Paper $15.95

BACK TO THE GHETTO
Zionism in Retreat
Uri Huppert
A Jerusalem attorney who acts as counsel for victims of religious coerciion analyzes the growth of religious and political extremism and intolerance in Israel.
200 pages • ISBN 0-87975-467-2 • Cloth $19.95

A LIFETIME OF DISSENT
Corliss Lamont
A collection of compelling essays presenting this renowned activist's views on civil liberties, international peace, and rational solutions to some of today's critical global dilemmas.
419 pages • ISBN 0-87975-463-X • Cloth $21.95

THE CRISIS IN AFRO-AMERICAN LEADERSHIP
Ethelbert Haskins
Haskins critically examines black leadership both contemporary and historical in the context of the American social and economic system.
197 pages • ISBN 0-87975-450-8 • Cloth $19.95

FORBIDDEN FRUIT
The Ethics of Humanism
Paul Kurtz
America's leading secular humanist philosopher affirms that it is possible to live the good life and be responsible, ethical moral agents—without belief in religion.
275 pages • ISBN 0-87975-454-0 • Cloth $19.95
ISBN 0-87975-455-9 • Paper $11.95

At better bookstores, or order direct:
Toll free (800) 421-0351
In N.Y. State call (716) 837-2475
Prometheus Books
700 East Amherst St., Buffalo NY 14215
Add $2.25 for postage and handling.
N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of appearing to have succumbed to white pressure, even at the risk of looking antisemitic themselves.

But Kaufman misses the more recent questions that grow out of this. Why do such otherwise moderate blacks as Tom Bradley, mayor of Los Angeles, fear to condemn Farrakhan? (The Reverend Leon Sullivan, the clergyman behind the "Sullivan Principles" for South Africa, not only refuses to condemn him, he recently invited the author of the "Judaism is a gutter religion" line to speak at his Philadelphia church.) Are these black leaders afraid of a backlash in the black community? So far, there is no evidence of blacks being voted out of office for decrying Farrakhan's anitsemitism. Or could it be fear of violence by Farrakhan supporters? Kaufman offers no theories.

But he does offer some hope. The most compelling and in some ways hopeful story comes last. Donna Brazile is a young black woman who grew up in New Orleans, where she was bused to integrated schools. After working through her anger at the white world, she ended up an organizer of the 1983 March on Washington, which commemorated the famous 1963 march. The second march was a cauldron of black-Jewish tensions, and Brazile did a good job of stroking egos and negotiating agreements. Brazile was well-read, but had never learned a thing about the Holocaust (a common experience in American public education). As she met more Jews, she became curious and began to educate herself. In the meantime, her mother told her that she suspected the Jewish family doctor whom Brazile had grown up revering was stealing money from her. The mother, once a supporter of Martin Luther King Jr., seemed to have imbibed antisemitism from the movement, which disturbed her daughter deeply.

In 1984, Brazile went to work for Jesse Jackson. But after finding out he had lied repeatedly about the Hymietown incident—including to her personally—she lost faith. In 1988, she avoided the Jackson campaign and served in the campaign of Richard Gephardt, before moving on to a prominent role for Michael Dukakis. She joked that anyone she found to marry would have to be ten years older, because her generation of black men had been decimated by drug-related murders. "It was scary going back home and asking after friends and finding out they were dead."

There have always been Jews who wanted to restore the alliance. Perhaps there will soon be more blacks like Brazile, though Kaufman says, accurately, I think, that no rapprochement is really possible until Jackson passes from the political scene. Jews are simply convinced that his efforts to reach out to them are meager and insincere. I noticed that, in this spring's New York primary (not covered by this book), Jews resented Koch's claim that they would "be crazy" to vote for Jackson, but most voted against him nonetheless.

Is the alliance really worth restoring? The answer to that has to be yes, though the reasons may sound patronizing (and it's a patronizing tone that helped cause the rupture in the first place). The calculus is simple enough: 1) Donna Brazile's generation of poor young black men is dying; the problem of the underclass has moved beyond the hand-wringing stage to one of true national emergency; 2) Blacks cannot address the problem without the help of whites, as some blacks—and some white conservatives—would like to think; 3) Jews are not the only whites who care about the underclass, but if you look at the names of people who write and act and think about this problem, they are—once again—often Jewish.

With time and healing, the coalition may yet be stitched back together. The vast majority of Jews are still Democrats. Blacks have not hesitated to vote for Jewish candidates for office. There is yet some hope of appealing to the better angels—and prophets—of our natures. □

AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes, featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, Thai, German, Japanese, Arabic, Chinese, Greek, and many others.

Learn a foreign language on your own! Free Catalog.

To get your copy:

Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234

or fill out and send this ad to –
Audio-Forum, Room 1472
On-The-Green, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

I am particularly interested in (check choices):

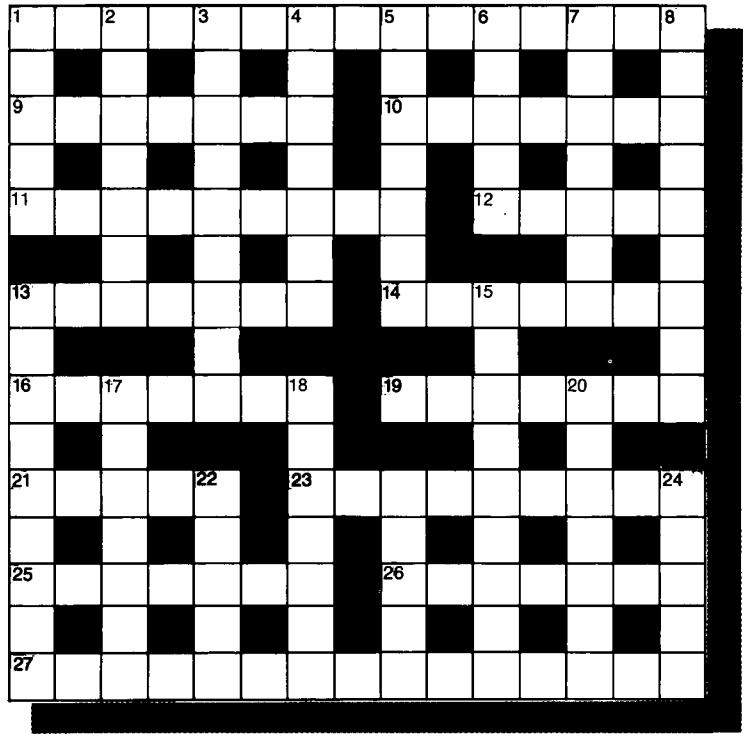
☐ Russian ☐ Greek ☐ Danish ☐ Finnish ☐ Japanese ☐ Spanish
☐ German ☐ Korean ☐ Mandarin ☐ Swedish ☐ Hausa ☐ French
☐ Hungarian ☐ Italian ☐ Dutch ☐ Other _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



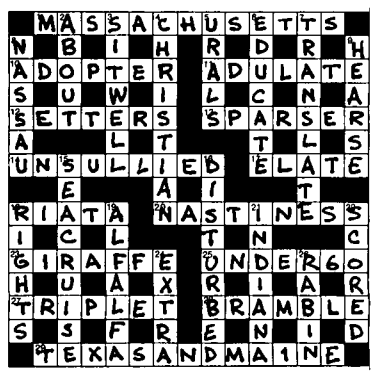
ACROSS

1. Campaign issue produces no death in battle. (3,8,4)
9. Went rapidly around returning cat and graduated. (7)
10. Wandering nomad the French did not run this year. (7)
11. Subsequently touchdown warfare erupted. (9)
12. Greets icily? (5)
13. Possibly clumsy Sherpa swallows phosphorous. (7)
14. Adherent makes no good relic. (7)
16. Overturned, switched, and finished. (5,2)
19. Line displayed on court. (7)
21. Stein composed detail. (5)
23. Phony voter read awkwardly. (9)
25. Rebels meet irregularly around in Middle East. (7)
26. Tangled root had degree of difficulty. (3,4)
27. Sets haunted site plan to be led by November winner. (3,6,6)

DOWN

1. Classic opera cost a fortune. (5)
2. He tries to get in prep school the end of September... (7)
3. ...and set morning hour through time measure. (9)
4. Natives said "inn" incorrectly. (7)
5. Con maid into travelling around. (7)
6. Mob rule in Brooklyn churchyard. (5)
7. Ad indiscriminately given out is law violation. (7)
8. Rather sure about fiscal authority. (9)
13. Send tripe hash to political authority. (9)
15. Mentions are transcribed at the core. (9)
17. Notwithstanding tip, seed is transplanted. (7)
18. Potters parading for political expression. (7)
19. Played unfairly and aced the service. (7)
20. Pariah thrown at scout. (7)
22. Ran it carelessly to instruct. (5)
24. Guys make 500 in regular payments of members. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

Gumshoe: Reflections in a Private Eye. Josiah Thompson. *Little, Brown, $17.95.* A private investigator's clients aren't always sultry blondes with gorgeous gams. Many of them, as Thompson's intriguing account of his decade in the sleuthing business indicates, are paunchy, rather dull men. What they may lack in legs, they make up for in other areas. Most of them can pay their bills, and, while that pay may not be great, it is enough, in Thompson's case, anyway, to enable him to avoid reporting, day after day, to the dull drudgery of an office job.

This is precisely the sort of compensation that Thompson and other middle-class men are most likely to appreciate: freeedom from routine, an element of risk, sometimes a hint of real danger, and a sense, most of all, that one's work has some connection to the gritty business of real life.

A Yale graduate who taught philosophy at Haverford College, Thompson gave up his tenure in the mid-seventies to become a gumshoe on the streets of San Francisco—starting salary, $5 an hour.

Sunday, November 14, 1976. The sun has yet to come up, and Thompson, who is waiting to shadow a strike organizer, reflects on surveillance. "I was actually beginning to enjoy the game. . . ." he writes. "It had to do with the watching and not being seen. . . . But there was also something more fundamental, something 'gritty' about it. . . . You had to worry about elemental things—having food in the car or else going hungry, knowing where the pay phones were, which streets were one-way."

There are moments of discouragement and periods in which he wonders why he isn't back in the classroom. Flying to Boston to dig up evidence for a jailed drug dealer's defense, Thompson begins to answer his own question. The plane "was filled with rows of businessmen, some reading papers, others tabulating their expense accounts, still others sleeping," he writes. "Had I been like that? Had I been a drowsy, well-fed passenger lolling back in his seat, fully at ease in the comfortable and the familiar?" Acutely aware of the "dull routine that was the reality of most people's jobs," Thompson had come to exhibit all the symptoms of a condition one hasn't heard too much about in the Age of Reagan—the male revolt against white-collar drudgery.

A bleak view of Corporate America has fallen from favor in recent years, as the plutographers of the Reagan era have preferred to celebrate the "creative" aspects of American capitalism. The popularity of supposedly thrilling tales of high-finance derring-do recorded in the biographies of Donald Trump, Lee Iacocca, and Peter Ueberroth reassure white-collar workers that, while their own careers are dull and tedious, they don't have to be—that there is sometime, somewhere, a fluorescent light at the end of the tunnel.

The entry of women into professional and managerial ranks, of course, is enormously important. Women have entered the professions in what, to some men, must look like a virtual invasion, with the result that white-collar men today not only work alongside, but sometimes for, women. They do so just as their prospects for the loss of career-related status—and for downward mobility itself—have never been greater.

The political significance of these developments is undeniable. There are undoubtedly millions of other middle-class men out there who secretly wish they, like Thompson, could get out of their ruts. How long will they be content to live this way—and at what cost in the deterioration of morale and mounting social unrest?

That, of course, is precisely the sort of abstraction that Thompson, for one, has ceased to bother himself about. Whatever the future holds, he isn't looking back—unless it is to glance over his shoulder to see there isn't some goon back there in a trenchcoat, packing heat. Even if there is, he'll probably just smile, feeling that whatever else may happen, at least he doesn't have to carry a briefcase.

—Alan Crawford

A MEETING OF THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION'S FAN CLUB

"ON BENDED KNEE concludes that the news media allowed the White House, particularly during President Reagan's first term, to define what was news."
—Andrew L. Yarrow, *New York Times*

"I can't point my finger at [the Reagan White House]. If there's a failure, it's ultimately the press's failure."
—Tom Brokaw, Anchor and Managing Editor, NBC Nightly News

FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

Feud: Hatfields, McCoys, and Social Change in Appalachia, 1860-1900. Altina L. Waller. *University of North Carolina Press. $32.50.* It began with the charge of a stolen hog and caused a dozen deaths in as many

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. The conflict between the Kentucky McCoys and the West Virginia Hatfields ended almost a century ago, but the names have survived, mythically miscast in folk song, comic strip, and the affected gait of Walter Brennan. But Waller says the feud's more serious and degrading image—Appalachian lawlessness, vigilantism, and ruthless violence—was largely the product of nineteenth-century media hype. In her remarkably detailed analysis, Waller explains what legend does not: namely, that both Hatfields and McCoys devotedly sought legal redress, ultimately through the Supreme Court of the United States. But justice was never done.

Waller explains how passions were actually intensified by the intrusion of the state. The Hatfields and McCoys were tangled by marriage and many other common interests, not unlike the Montagues and the Capulets. They were separated only by the Tug river, which happened to serve as the state line, further complicating the legal logistics. When news of the feud began to circulate, the governor of Kentucky worried that the coal- and timber-rich mountains of his state would soon be seen as unsafe by outside investors. He sent an extradition request to the governor of West Virginia for the "troublemaker Hatfields," hired a special deputy, and offered rewards for their capture. Private detectives and bounty hunters flooded the region, ironically provoking more violence, which in turn led to more negative publicity.

Press coverage of this feud peaked in the summer of 1888, when nine Hatfields were brought to trial for murder in Pikeville, Kentucky. Eight received life sentences. The ninth was 25-year-old Ellison Mounts, the illegitimate, retarded son of Ellison Hatfield, who had no funds for legal fees. The only witness called was Sally McCoy, who told how her home had been burned that day and her daughter Alifair shot. She specifically accused a different Hatfield of the murder, but her testimony was ignored. The scapegoat Mounts was hanged, the feud ended, and the eastern capitalists rode triumphant into the Tug Valley on a new railroad.

Between the lines, Waller's study bears witness to the ongoing failure of our judicial system to address the powerful emotional and social components in any legal contest—particularly feuds among relatives, neighbors, lovers. Since history repeats itself, this book bears reading as both factual record and metaphor, with a jaundiced eye toward the present.

—Georgann Eubanks

Fortas: The Rise and Ruin of a Supreme Court Justice. Bruce Allen Murphy. *Morrow, $25.*

Packing the Courts: The Conservative Campaign to Rewrite the Constitution. Herman Schwartz. *Scribners, $19.95.*

Judicial Roulette: Report of the Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on Judicial Selection. David M. O'Brien. *Priority Press, $9.95.*

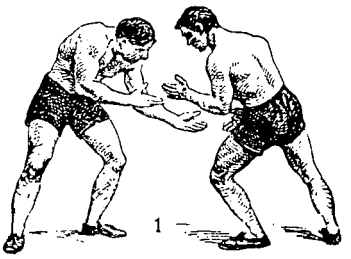
The story is familiar enough by now. In the waning days of his last term, the president nominates a political soulmate for a position on the Supreme Court. The president's men portray the nominee as an unobjectionable centrist. But political opponents are undeterred: they perceive him as a dangerous ideologue whose ascension would radically tilt the

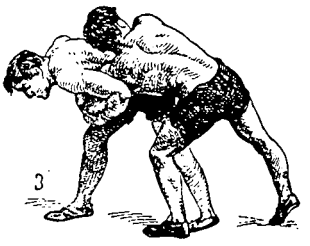
THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

Rites of Passage in Male America

By Ray Raphael

The Men from the Boys is a unique look at contemporary simulations—from body building and witchcraft to mercenary warfare and sex—of classical male initiations. The results of this study are unsettling and speak to all American males who find themselves torn between a unisex modernity and more archaic notions of masculinity. *$19.95*





available at bookstores or from **NEBRASKA**

University of Nebraska Press · 901 N 17 · Lincoln 68588-0520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Court. The confirmation battle is prolonged and vicious. Finally, when the nomination fails, the disappointed aspirant retires to the lecture circuit, for a while, at least, a hero to the partisans who lost the struggle.

This is the story of Robert Bork, of course, but it is also the story of Abe Fortas, Lyndon Johnson's controversial nominee for chief justice. The 1968 battle over Fortas's elevation (he was already serving as an associate justice) to replace the retiring chief, Earl Warren, was if anything more bitter than the fight over Bork. Questions about his integrity played a part in his downfall (he eventually withdrew his nomination and retired from the Court). But as Murphy argues persuasively, in this instance, too, the principal reason for the Senate's rebuff was ideological.

For most of this century at least, the "advise and consent" process did not involve pitched ideological battles. The struggle over Fortas raised the acceptable political temperature well beyond the norm, paving the way for fierce disputes over Nixon appointees Clement Haynsworth, G. Harrold Carswell, and William Rehnquist. By the time of the Bork fight, all the old restraint was gone.

Fortas was an unlikely candidate to provoke an ideological firestorm. An immigrant's son from Memphis, Tennessee, he struggled out of poverty to attend Yale Law School, where his brilliance caught the eye of Professor William O. Douglas, whose patronage helped make Fortas one of the whiz kids of the New Deal. Inside or out of the government, he was a deal maker, not an ideologue: the kind of man that friends like rising Rep. Lyndon Johnson turned to when they wanted to get something done.

But that, according to Bruce Allen Murphy, was precisely his undoing. Like Bork, Fortas became a symbol of an embattled White House—and like Bork, he was eventually sacrificed in a struggle over the president's beliefs. Murphy's overly detailed and somewhat tendentious book (he doesn't like Fortas very much) comes to life with the beginning of the confirmation battle. Fortas's 1965 appointment to the high court had gone through effortlessly enough. But by 1968, the balance of power had shifted in Washington. The Vietnam war had sapped Johnson's strength and his announcement in March that he would not seek reelection emboldened opponents on both right and left. The Fortas nomination immediately met with fire from opponents of the Great Society.

Hostile senators grasped first at nonissues, asserting for example that there was no vacancy on the Court because Earl Warren technically had not resigned. But the opposing senators knew they had stumbled on political pay dirt when they unearthed the financial arrangements that Fortas had made to supplement his income—including revelations about the $20,000 consultant's stipend taken from Louis Wolfson, a shady industrialist and stock manipulator under investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission. It was ultimately his undoing in the public eye.

But the opponents' true, political rationale was never far beneath the surface of the hearings. Arguing that the Warren Court had licensed the sale of obscene material, hostile conservatives screened pornographic movies on the walls of the Senate. Strom Thurmond led the pack with the sensationalist charge that the Court's rulings on defendants' rights had "encouraged more people to commit...serious crimes." And opponents from both parties made little secret of their most bitter gripe: resentment of the Court's historic role in integrating the South through decisions like *Brown v. Board of Education*.

Sometimes there is no avoiding a bitter fight. Faced with a strongly ideological nominee backed by a coalition of determined partisans, the anti-Bork forces had little choice but to mount a sharply ideological resistance. Eventually, though, both sides suffer as a result. By breaking with tradition and answering questions about how they would rule, candidates like Bork make a mockery of the idea that judges are independent of Congress and the executive. It's now fashionable on both the right and the left to declare that all is fair in the embattled process of picking judges. American University law professor Herman Schwartz is an impassioned proponent of this view, arguing in his new book, *Packing the Courts*, that there can be no holds barred in these debates, so critical for the future of the nation. Schwartz was a leader of the anti-Bork campaign, and he writes as a happy warrior. Yet for all his rhetoric, the evidence marshalled in his book (and in the Twentieth Century Fund study, *Judicial Roulette*) could not add up to a more damning picture of just what was so wrong with the polarized battle over Reagan's nominee. In the Bork battle, as during the Fortas hearings, the debate degenerated into hyperbole and smear tactics, with both sides distorting the other's views and playing shamelessly on public misunderstandings. Schwartz admits as much (he acknowledges the TV ad in which Gregory Peck alleged, without foundation, that Bork opposed voting rights), though he doesn't seem particularly troubled by it. Twentieth Century Fund author David O'Brien recalls Bork's apparent dissembling

WHO'S PLAYING

Just people in Ohio, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, Washington, D.C., Poland, Colorado, Vermont, Wisconsin, New York, Tennessee, Maryland, Chile, Michigan, Florida, New Jersey, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Washington, Virginia, Hawaii, Wyoming, Switzerland...

THE GAME THAT PUTS YOU IN THE KREMLIN POWER PICTURE

SEND $24.50 (M.D. RESIDENTS ADD $1)

THE OTHER LEADING BRAND COMPANY
BOX W, 6281 TUFTED MOSS
COLUMBIA, MARYLAND 21045

OR CHECK YOUR GAMES, BOOK STORE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about his own views, as well as the circus atmosphere that developed when several former presidents and sitting justices openly took sides.

Both George Bush and Michael Dukakis will be under some pressure to pick partisan nominees. Litmus-test issues like abortion and affirmative action are ready-made for use in political campaigns, and whoever is elected will undoubtedly be tempted to reward his more extreme followers with a like-minded nominee. Will the president-elect have the vision to pick a nominee who, as Justice Felix Frankfurter recommended, can "discover and suppress his prejudices"? Not unless he makes a concerted effort to fight the trend begun with Fortas and carried to dangerous extremes in the battle over Bork.

—Tamar Jacoby

All the Right Enemies: The Life and Murder of Carlo Tresca. Dorothy Gallagher. *Rutgers University Press, $24.95.* A United States intelligence agency was making deals with drug smugglers. In pursuit of foreign policy objectives, government officials sought the cooperation of mobsters. Washington bureaucrats pressured private citizens to cooperate with right-wing fanatics and with communists. It all happened during World War II and forms the backdrop for a riveting new historical detective story.

Carlo Tresca was one of the best-known anarchists in America. Born to a wealthy family in Italy, he fled to the United States in 1904 to escape prosecution for criminal libel. Tall, handsome, a riveting and passionate speaker, he became one of the stars of the Industrial Workers of the World, popping up to lead dramatic strikes from Lawrence, Massachusetts to Paterson, New Jersey.

Tresca was temperamentally and ideologically incapable of bending to authority or direction. He fought in alliance with and against such prominent figures as Bill Haywood, Emma Goldman, John Reed, and Norman Thomas, and played a key role in the unsuccessful attempt to save Sacco and Vanzetti.

When he was shot and killed on a New York sidewalk in 1943, the 63-year-old radical was, as usual, embroiled in numerous battles. A mass of circumstantial evidence led police to arrest a mobster named Carmine Galante as the triggerman. But Galante, who later became head of one of New York's Mafia families before his own execution in 1979, was never prosecuted. The question of who hired him has never been resolved.

There were plenty of suspects. Mussolini wanted his old friend and one of his most effective opponents dead. Vittoria Vidali, a leading Comintern operative implicated in the assassination of Leon Trotsky, was reported in New York; Tresca had long denounced him as a killer. Both Italian-American communists and fascists like newspaper publisher Generoso Pope hated Tresca; he was a passionate opponent of a government plan to include them in an Italian-American Victory Council.

Other, more byzantine, theories about the murder surfaced years later, after revelations of a sensitive agreement between a government agency and the underworld. Beginning in 1942, the Office of Naval Intelligence had established ties to imprisoned mobster Lucky Luciano. In addition to helping maintain labor peace on the New York docks, the Mafia, according to Gallagher, may have put its narcotics smuggling apparatus at the service of American intelligence, which, in turn, averted its eyes from the traffic. Did Tresca learn about this deal, and was he silenced to prevent its exposure?

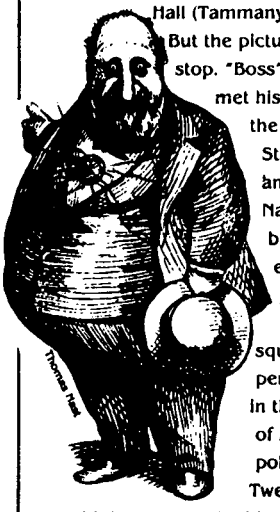
Gallagher scrupulously examines the evidence and sensibly refuses to stretch it to fit the elaborate web the conspiracy theorists weave. One or two new leads have convinced her that the simplest explanation is also the most likely.

Tresca had offended Frank Garofalo, a close associate of Pope's and a high-ranking Mafioso. Enraged at Tresca's insults, Garofalo, according to Gallagher, used one of his minions to kill his enemy. It is a plausible theory but not conclusive. The murder of Carlo Tresca will continue to provide conspiracy theorists with plenty of grist for their mills.

—Harvey Klehr

"STOP THEM DAMN PICTURES"

That's what "Boss" Tweed demanded when he saw the handwriting on the Hall (Tammany, that is). But the pictures didn't stop. "Boss" Tweed met his maker in the Ludlow Street Jail and Thomas Nast put bitingly eloquent political cartoons squarely and permanently in the middle of American political life. Tweed aside, we think Emerson had it right when he said, *"Caricatures are often the truest history of the times."*



Now, for the first time ever, the best of today's political cartoons from all over the country will be featured each week in **POLITICAL PIX**, a six-page broadside published 50 times a year and delivered by First Class mail.

A penetrating contemporary chronicle, always amusing, **POLITICAL PIX** is custom-made for anyone interested in the events that shape and shake our world. For your own and each gift subscription, send $39.00 to:

POLITICAL PIX
Box 804-K
Norwich, VT 05055

VISA and Mastercard are accepted. Just call us at 802/649-1996.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL OFFER

What died with President Kennedy 25 Years Ago?
Should His Approach to World Peace Be Revived?
Important Answers to these questions are found in this newly released video . . .

JOHN F. KENNEDY'S LOST PATHWAY TO PEACE

Narrated by Robert Vaughn, this video is a timely chronicle of President Kennedy's vision of world peace. **Lost Pathway to Peace** conveys the important message that **JFK's survival perspective must be revived in today's debate over thermonuclear strategy.** The program contains excerpts from President Kennedy's major speeches including his early warning about extending nuclear weapons to outer space, and his historical quest for "a grand and global alliance."

(30 minutes—Color/B&W)
Publisher's Retail Price $29.95

MEMORIAL OFFER PRICE $19.95 (Video Only)
(Plus $3 for Shipping and Handling)

Also Available For Immediate Shipment...

REMEMBERING KENNEDY: ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT

by William Manchester. New in soft cover! Handsome, oversize coffee table variety. 280 pages of magnificent text, beautifully illustrated with more than 180 B&W photographs and 16 pages of color. Publisher's Retail Price $16.95

MEMORIAL OFFER PRICE $13.95 (Book Only)
(Plus $3 Shipping and Handling)

★★★ *A GREAT HOLIDAY GIFT!* ★★★
Special Bonus Video & Book Combination Offer
Publisher's Combined Retail Price: $46.90
SPECIAL MEMORIAL OFFER PRICE: Only $29.95! *(Plus $4 Shipping and Handling)*
To order by phone call toll free: (7 days-24 hours)
1-800-345-9111 Ext. 60
Visa, Mastercard or American Express Accepted

To order by mail send check or money order to:
JFK Memorial Offer
Dept. 1555 #WM08
San Francisco, CA 94161
Please specify number of products ordered
____ ***Lost Pathway to Peace*** - Video @ $19.95
VHS____ Beta ____
(+ $3 Shipping/Handling)
____ ***One Brief Shining Moment***- Book @ $13.95
(+ $3 Shipping/Handling)
____ ***Combination Video and Book*** @ $29.95
(+ $4 Shipping/Handling)
VHS____ Beta____
_____ Total Amount Enclosed. Include Shipping/Handling Charge.
Ship to: _____
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Three Scientists and Their Gods: Looking for Meaning in an Age of Information. Robert Wright. *Times Books, $18.95.* Robert Wright has written an exceptionally thoughtful and conceptually brave book that not only tackles some complex contentions of science and religion but also basic notions of philosophy and logic. The result is wonderfully and eminently readable—*far* more enjoyable and enlightening than trying to read about any of these topics in the usual abstract fashion. Wright, a former columnist for *The Sciences* and now an editor of *The New Republic*, brings a light touch to dissections of what otherwise would be weighty topics. Here, for example, is his explanation of teleology, a semitheological concept that makes scientists gag:

"Thinkers of a teleological bent have a peculiar habit. When they hear the word *why* they think of the future. For example: Why does dropped toast always seem to land jelly-side down? The scientists among us would seek the answer in the stretch of time *preceding* the toast's landing: perhaps the laws of aerodynamics dictate that the toast stabilize in mid-descent with the heavier side down. But someone teleologically inclined would answer the question by reference to the stretch of time *after* the landing: the toast ends jelly-side-down *so that* your day will get off to a terrible start. [But] dropped toast is a bad example, really. Teleological thinkers are a fairly roseate group, and they prefer questions such as, 'Why does the rain fall?'—to which they can reply, 'So that the beauteous flowers will grow.' "

Wright introduces numerous concepts of physics, biology, computers, and the evolving "information theory" with equal painlessness. His book is structured as profiles of three scientists: Edward Fredkin, a computer whiz; E.O. Wilson, father of sociobiology (the idea that human cultural behavior is partly dictated by genes); and economist Kenneth Boulding—all of whom have done work that touches on the meaning of life and are sufficient mavericks that they are willing to discuss that issue with a journalist.

This profile tactic works in places and fails in others. No doubt the idea made Wright's book proposal much more palatable to New York editors, who are always most comfortable with personality journalism. Wright spends a great deal of time on character details that turn out to be nowhere nearly as interesting as his characters' thoughts and ideas, which is true, I would submit, of nearly all memorable thinkers of history.

Since thought writing is much harder than personality spiels, and in the long run has far greater impact, Wright ought to resist his publisher's near-certain entreaties to base another book on a personality device, and stick to expounding thoughts—something the world needs far more than profiles, and something Wright appears poised to become a culturally significant producer of. He has a powerful insight with what he calls "the Bonus Question: What does it mean that some fairly reasonable (as these things go) attempts to exact meaning and purpose from evolution bear results remarkably like longstanding doctrine of the world's great religions?"

People do hunger for meaning, and Wright may be absolutely on the beam to suggest that the answer will lie in some reconciliation of science and religion. Bravo for this first step.

—*Gregg Easterbrook*

THURSDAY, NOV. 17

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN: *SIGNING OF THE CONSTITUTION*. 1987. COLLECTION, INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARK. PHOTO © 1988 LOUIS S. GLANZMAN.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN REPUBLICANISM

The Moral Vision of the American Founders and the Philosophy of Locke

THOMAS L. PANGLE

"In a profound work of intellectual history, Pangle reexamines the moral philosophy of the Founding Fathers and finds the emergence of a modern sense of 'virtue' unprecedented in classical or Christian tradition. This provocative and original analysis strongly challenges the prevailing explanations of the American founding. . . . [Pangle] shows that, in fact, the most important influence on eighteenth-century American thinkers was John Locke."—*Booklist*

"An original and important contribution to political theory and to our understanding of the American Founding. . . . **[Pangle's] narrative sweeps the reader along with a growing sense of intellectual excitement and discovery."**—Mary Ann Glendon, Harvard Law School

Cloth $22.50 352 pages

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5801 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Condemned to Repetition

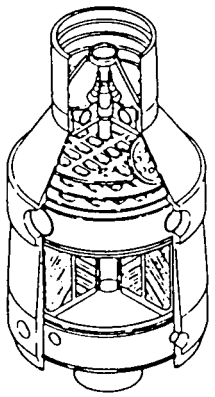
The United States and Nicaragua

Robert A. Pastor

Here is an insider's account of U.S. policy making toward Nicaragua, written by a major participant. Robert Pastor was Director of Latin American Affairs on the National Security Council from 1977 to 1981, a crucial period in U.S.-Nicaragua relations. He presents a wealth of original material from his own experience, classified government documents, and interviews with nearly 100 leaders from the United States, Nicaragua, and throughout Latin America. What emerges is a picture of the United States and an entire region haunted by the spectre of Cuba and yet "condemned to repetition."

"Robert Pastor is uniquely qualified to write a definitive book of this kind about the relationship between Nicaragua and the United States . . . what it has been, is now, and what it ought to be. For anyone deeply interested in this crucial subject, *Condemned to Repetition* is an unequaled source of interesting facts and ideas."
—*Jimmy Carter*

Now in paper: $12.95 ISBN 0-691-02291-7



SDI: Technology, Survivability, and Software

A Report from the Office of Technology Assessment

In 1986 Princeton University Press published two important reports by the Office of Technology Assessment on the implications of President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative. *Strategic Defense Initiative* examines new developments in the technologies currently being researched under SDI. The OTA does not repeat the work of its earlier reports but gives special attention to filling in gaps in those reports and to describing technical progress made in the intervening period.

Paper: $10.95 ISBN 0-691-02270-4
Cloth: $45.00 ISBN 0-691-07747-9

The Weary Titan

Britain and the Experience of Relative Decline, 1895–1905

Aaron L. Friedberg

How do statesmen become aware of unfavorable shifts in relative power and how do they seek to respond to them? As national decline becomes an increasingly prominent theme in American political debate, these questions have taken on an immediate, pressing significance.

The Weary Titan is a penetrating study of national decline in Britain at the turn of the twentieth century. Drawing on a wide variety of sources, Aaron Friedberg explains how England's rulers understood and responded to the initial evidence of erosion in their country's industrial, financial, naval, and military power.

Cloth: $29.95 ISBN 0-691-05532-7

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR

Princeton University Press

41 WILLIAM ST. • PRINCETON, NJ 08540 • (609) 452-4900
ORDERS 800-PRS-ISBN (777-4726)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED